



ROYAL WEDDING



Photo: Baran

ROYAL WEDDING

by

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INTRODUCTION

ON Thursday, November 20th, 1947, Princess Elizabeth, Heir Presumptive to the Throne, was married in Westminster Abbey to H.R.H. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, formerly Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten of the Royal Navy, one-time Prince of the royal house of Greece.

It was just over four months since the official announcement of their betrothal had provided the British Press with an acceptable excuse—and a pleasing sensation of playing truant—to relegate to the back page for one day at least the depressing news of a worsening economic situation. For one day at least in that anxiety-ridden time the newspapers were able to give their readers not the grim, the inescapable news they must have, but the news they wanted to read, the news that has been good news since the world began, the news of two young people happy and in love.

As America's "Time" magazine put it in its own characteristic way, "Austerity, coal crises, rationing and shortages faded from the news columns to make way for reports of the lovers."

Tomorrow was time enough for austerity and the Board of Trade returns; to-day belonged to romance, and in the evening there were crowds at the Palace gates, cheering and singing, and calling out over and over again, "We want the Princess," and then, "We want Philip." A new figure had appeared upon the scene.

When, radiant and smiling, Princess Elizabeth came on to the Palace balcony with Lieutenant Mountbatten at her side the cheers which set the echoes ringing reflected the immense public good will with which the morning's news had been received.

Nothing in the weeks that followed was more remarkable than the tenacity with which so many people held to their view that Princess Elizabeth's approaching marriage must continue to be something set apart from the prevailing troubles and anxieties of the time, that it should not, as it were, take its colour from the grey surround.

One great national daily of massive circulation put this question to its readers:

"Should the Princess's wedding day be selected as the first post-war occasion to restore to Britain the traditional gaiety of a gala public event?"

An overwhelming majority—something over 86 per cent—answered "Yes" to that question. "Away with austerity," wrote one reader, "let us make it a day she—and all of us—will remember."

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A suggestion, rumoured to have official support, that the wedding should take place quietly at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, drew indignant protests.

It was as if, when times were hard, nothing less than national pride demanded that the Princess's wedding day should have its proper pageantry.

In the event, as was inevitable, the day was shorn of some part of the pomp and splendour, which, in more prosperous times, would have belonged to an occasion of such significance to the life of the nation. But it was not an "austerity wedding" in the sense the phrase was used by those who seemed only too readily inclined to suspect the Government of some dark conspiracy to hustle the wedding through in the "hugger mugger fashion" of Polonius's funeral rites! The marriage was solemnised in Westminster Abbey; the bells were pealing and the flags were flying, and the route of the bridal procession rang with rejoicing.

Surely it has its significance, this anxiety lest something of such lively interest to so many should in some fashion be "spoiled." Partly, as I have suggested, it arose from a feeling that to give a great occasion something less than its due because of the stringency of the times would be an affront to the nation's pride. But perhaps the main reason was something far simpler than that. Maybe to find it we need look no further than the affectionate relationship which exists between the British people and the Royal House.

It is an affection freely given to George VI, to his Queen, and to his daughters, because in that most exalted circle of all we recognise the unmistakable evidences of a simple, happy, loving family life. In that affection Princess Elizabeth has a full share. Indeed, I felt upon her wedding day that no young bride setting out upon a new life by her husband's side had ever had so vast a concourse of well-wishers, men and women of every race, colour and creed, to wish her God-speed. Such affection is a very precious responsibility. Anyone less well fitted to accept all that is implied in the high expectations of so many might well shrink from the prospect, might even find it frightening.



Photo : Dorothy Wilding

CHAPTER I

ELIZABETH AND PHILIP

THE queer thing about "public figures" is the more fiercely the light beats upon them the less "real" they often become to those who read about them and see their photographs almost daily in the newspapers.

The lavishness of the publicity defeats itself, and for the living person there is gradually substituted a sort of lay figure, which makes a convincing show of being alive, but has no more reality than the wax model in the milliner's window. Occasionally this is encouraged by the deliberate attitudes adopted by celebrities to conceal themselves from the public, but more often it is something quite involuntary. Sometimes, however, the distorting process is checked by an instinctive recognition by the public of the qualities and true character of one who stands in the radiance of the bright lights.

Since Princess Elizabeth began to take her share in public life the people of Britain have, I think, perceived in her certain high qualities which augur well for the time when

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she will be called upon to reign. The important thing is that these are living qualities which belong to the Princess herself, and not to some false presentation of her in that distorting mirror in which the public sees so many famous faces. Mercifully, there is no Princess Elizabeth "legend." She needs none.

Nothing about the Princess is more astonishing than the speed with which she seemed to grow out of her childhood. It was as if the war years closed like an iron curtain over the child, who was only thirteen when Hitler's armies marched into Poland. Behind that curtain she grew up unperceived, and when it rose again it revealed in place of the child a young woman of graceful accomplishments, possessed already of not a little of her mother's charm.

To appear successfully before the public is an art which requires for its fulfilment not only grace and poise, composure and an unconsciousness of self, but—and this is the Queen's secret—complete sincerity, and what the French call *sympathie*, which means far more than its English equivalent. All these qualities latent in the Princess were encouraged to a degree which was quite remarkable by the Royal visit to South Africa in the spring of 1947. It added immeasurably to her early experience of public life by bringing her into daily contact with all manner of persons in walks of life utterly different from her own. The result was to give her an added confidence in her ability to meet demands however exacting, and to smooth away the last traces of awkwardness from her manner.

In writing about Princess Elizabeth there is no need to insist upon her striking resemblance to her father. She has his eyes, his mouth, even his gestures and tricks of expression. It is, indeed, from the King that she inherits what is, perhaps, her most winning personal characteristic—the sudden, unexpected smile which lights up her face as if from within. I would suggest that the resemblance goes deeper still, and that temperamentally as well as physically Princess Elizabeth is very much her father's daughter.

Already at twenty-one she possesses a great deal of his thoroughness, and something, too, of his stability of character. This thoroughness often takes the form of a determination to discover for herself how people in circumstances very different from her own live and work, and, like the King, she is impatient of vague replies and inconclusive explanations.

Princess Elizabeth begins her new life with many advantages, some which are inherent in her character and upbringing, some which she has acquired as a result of a well-planned education, and one an advantage, which, evanescent though it is, makes friends for her everywhere—the endearing quality of youth.

Always it is the Princess's simplicity that leaves behind the most enduring impression. Over and over again I have heard people who have been presented to her remark, "Oh, but she is so natural." This is where her charm lies most surely. It is also a proof of



Photo : Dorothy Wilding

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an extremely level head. It has allowed her to absorb undamaged a flattering amount of public attention, of which but the half would have proved disastrous to a mind less well-balanced than her own. Through it all she has remained completely unaffected and unspoiled.

Much of Princess Elizabeth's natural spontaneity and vivaciousness is hidden from the general public. Too often the duties she is called upon to perform are of a formal nature, when vivacity would be out of place. But when formality is not required of her the Princess can relax and be herself, and then she delights everybody, for when she is at her ease she can be very gay.

Her keen sense of humour and her keener sense of the ridiculous are ever at hand, and I have sometimes seen them betray her on solemn, and, truth to tell, rather pretentious occasions.

Like the King, Princess Elizabeth is a naturally shy person, but she is very much the mistress of herself, and only those who know her well are able to recognise in some little gesture, or in a strained inflection in her voice, a sign that she is feeling rather less calm and self-possessed than her appearance and manner would suggest.

A most striking instance of this self-control, remarkable in a girl of her age and comparative inexperience, occurred at the Empire Youth Festival at the Royal Albert Hall in 1946, when the Princess was to make a speech to be broadcast throughout the Empire.

It was a hot, airless night, and the vast auditorium was so crowded that it seemed that to cram one more person in would have burst it apart. The Youth Pageant went its way, and presently members of the Army, Navy and Air Force cadet corps marched into the arena to form a guard of honour for the Princess. She left her box, and, with all the arc-lights turned full upon her, walked slowly, alone and with great dignity, across the arena to the platform and the microphone. The Princess began her speech, but it was not long before the oppressive atmosphere, the strain of a day-long rehearsal, the excitement of it all, began to tell upon the young people drawn up in their ranks before her. First one child fainted, then another, and another—a dozen or more of them collapsed. Each time there was a scuffle and a general disturbance round about as the child, very white and peaked, was lifted up and carried out. Yet all the time, conscious of her huge, unseen audience, the Princess went on speaking into the microphone, and allowed none of these harassing distractions to disturb her, or by any hesitation in her manner to suggest to radio listeners that anything was amiss. It was an ordeal that might well have tested the composure of the most practised of public speakers.

Many beneficent influences have been at work to build Princess Elizabeth's character and develop her personality. These influences derive from the happy family life which has sheltered her through her childhood and adolescence and has accompanied her to the threshold of her marriage.



Photo : New York Times

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Before ever Princess Elizabeth was engaged to Lieutenant Mountbatten I heard people talking of them as a "handsome couple." It is the classic phrase of matchmakers everywhere. The very sound of it seems in some queer way to set the wedding bells faintly ringing. The phrase is right for the Duke and Duchess. They look very well together—a "handsome couple." There it is.

Over six feet tall, the Duke has the broad shoulders and well-knit frame of the athlete. There is about him that "outdoors" look which proclaims the sportsman. It does not belie him, for the Duke excels at most outdoor games and sports, with preferences for riding, swimming, hockey and cricket. His blue eyes look at you directly with the sailor's steady regard. There is, indeed, something very agreeable, frank and open-natured in his manner, which implies qualities that are likely to make for lasting popularity with the British people when they have had better opportunities of getting to know him.

Prince Albert's mentor, the good Baron Stockmar, drew up a formidable list of virtues which seemed to his earnest, German mind to be necessary to a Prince Consort. To possess them all a young man would have to be a paragon indeed. He would, in fact, have to be Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the young Duke is far too modest about his abilities to make any claim to a comparison with that remarkable, much-tried, and, at the end of it all, little appreciated man.

The British people are not looking for a paragon. They had such a one in Prince Albert, and, oddly enough, they didn't like it. They are content with the good, steady, enduring qualities they have already noted in the young Duke, qualities which promise one day to serve him well in the by-no-means easy rôle of Prince Consort.

I remember what that shrewd observer, Mr. W. J. Brown, M.P., wrote about Lieutenant Mountbatten at the time of the betrothal. He wrote this: "We like the look of the lad . . . He is wholly English in education and training. He has had a good career in the Navy. And what is more he likes playing skittles in the 'local.' That is a point of substance."

It is a homely touch, but there's good sense in that. Nobody could ever have imagined Prince Albert playing skittles in the "local." If he had—or even if he could have suggested that perhaps one day he *might*—it is possible that Queen Victoria's Consort would have secured that tribute which his many solid virtues deserved, but which was withheld from him to the last—the tribute of popularity.

By his reference to "skittles in the 'local'" Mr. Brown had in mind the "Methuen Arms" at Corsham in Wiltshire, where Lieutenant Mountbatten, at that time an instructor at the nearby Royal Navy Petty Officers School at Kingsmoor, would often drop in of an evening for a friendly game. They talk of him with affection at the "Methuen Arms." To these Wiltshiremen at the "local" he was—as one of them said—"just another naval officer, friendly and a good sport." He had the reputation



Photo : P. A.-Reuter

At Heathrow airport. Princess Elizabeth welcomes her sister on her return from Northern Ireland, October, 1947.

of "taking his beer and playing his game as well as anybody." It was noted that he "never chucked his weight about." Anyone who knows the country "pub" knows that under-statement is a careful habit there and that a wealth of praise is concealed beneath these guarded phrases.

The Morayshire fishermen and boat builders of Hopeman, among whom Prince Philip spent most of his schooldays, add their own testimony to the easy friendliness of the boy they remember as a "quick-witted, lively, likeable lad." One veteran boat builder sums him up thus: "He was a good lad was Philip, easy to get on with, and very good-natured." I would trust these hardy fisherfolk to get at a man's character. They are not easy folk to deceive.

Much that is of significance to Princess Elizabeth in her life so far has been shared with her younger sister, Margaret, using the word "shared" in its fullest and most unselfish meaning. Theirs has been an affectionate and devoted companionship, based upon a community of tastes and interests uncommonly close, and encouraged in its

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development by the special circumstances of their childhood, which threw them so much into each other's company. With the passage of the years this sisterly comradeship was continually deepened as they discovered new interests to be added to the store of pleasures shared and remembered.

In their childhood they played together, walked, cycled and rode together. They went swimming together, shared the same governesses, the same friends, learned to draw and to make music with the same teachers.

In their pianoforte playing, for example, both Princesses studied with Miss Mabel Lander, herself a pupil of the famous Viennese teacher, Theodor Leschetizky. Miss Lander gave Princess Elizabeth her first lesson some seventeen years ago. (It consisted mainly in screwing the music stool up and down). Like her sister, the Princess plays the piano with distinction, and until her public engagements became too pressing she still found time for a weekly lesson. Her fondness for music is something she has in common with her husband, although the Duke does not play the piano or any other instrument, and makes no pretence to any wide knowledge of the subject. He is not given to making a parade of what interests him—personal questions about himself he is apt to answer in straightforward naval style, without frills!—but I know that one of his favourite pieces is the "Valse Triste" of Sibelius. It is, perhaps, not an obvious choice for one whose forthright personality is so little suggestive of the pensive melancholy that may be read into that nostalgic music. I would say that in music the Duke "knows what he likes"—and what he does not. He enjoys concerts and the ballet—another taste he shares with the Princess—but he has no liking for opera. He enjoys listening to singing, but, on his own confession, he is no singer. When someone asked him the other day whether he sang baritone, tenor or bass, he cheerfully replied, "No idea," then added, "Off key!" to put the matter beyond all doubt.

We should not, therefore, expect to find him at Princess Elizabeth's madrigal singing parties, which represented one of her most constant interests during the years preceding her marriage. These parties were not intended as entertainment for the benefit of an audience. All who came, came to sing, and I cannot imagine that the presence of a young naval lieutenant on leave, amiably undecided whether he was a tenor, bass or baritone, and only too likely to be "off key," would have been anything but an embarrassment. Wisely, he never came.

Neither Princess Elizabeth nor Princess Margaret have had any formal voice training, but singing comes as second nature to them, and both have clear soprano voices, true in quality. I used often to hear them singing in the corridors or in the lift at Buckingham Palace, as they came in with their dogs from a walk in the garden, and when they were out riding together, more often than not they would be singing.

In classical music Princess Elizabeth's tastes lean towards Beethoven—favourites are the C minor symphony and the "Pastoral"—Brahms, Chopin, Haydn, Handel,

Princess Elizabeth wears cap and gown for the first time—Bachelor of Music, University of London, July, 1946.



Photo : Associated Press

Schumann and Tchaikowsky. She is fond of the "Funeral March" of Chopin, although her first memory of it is a sad one, for it was at the funeral of her grandfather, King George V, that she heard it played.

Bearing in mind the part that music plays in the Princess's life, it is not unfitting that her first honorary degree should have been that of Bachelor of Music, conferred upon her in the summer of 1946 by the University of London.

I should not like to give the impression that in music the Princess has no time for anything less frivolous than the Masters. On the contrary, she has a choice collection of jazz and light records of every kind, and likes to play them on her radiogram. Still among her favourite discs is the evergreen Cole Porter number, "Night and Day," and those little classics of French cabaret music, "Le Fiacre," and "Je tire ma révérence,"

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as well as the "swing" version of "*Sur le Pont d'Avignon*," all of which Jean Sablon has recorded so delightfully. In these light recordings the Duke and Duchess have complementary tastes, and at least one common enthusiasm—Bing Crosby. Princess Elizabeth is fond, too, of the Andrews Sisters and of Charles Trenet; her husband of Duke Ellington's records, of which his favourite is "Take the 'A' Train."

We are close now to something which is dear to the Princess's heart—her dancing. She was only five years old when she had her first lesson from her teacher, Miss Marguerite Vacani, who also taught Princess Margaret. All through the war years, when they were living at Windsor, the sisters kept up their dancing lessons; both are "quick studies," and pick up new steps easily.

The Duke and Duchess have danced together quite a lot in the last year or two, at Mayfair clubs and restaurants, such as *Ciro's* and *Quaglino's*, as well as at private parties. Soon after their engagement Press photographs showed them dancing together at a charity ball in Edinburgh. The Duke is fond of dancing, and as for Princess Elizabeth, no débutante in her first season was ever more indefatigable. There is about her dancing that distinction between what is done for the fun of it, and what as a necessary but rather joyless social accomplishment. Certainly that distinction must be plain enough to anyone who has ever watched the Princess dance an eightsome reel!

Both the Duke and Duchess listen to the radio. Princess Elizabeth has had her blue leather portable receiver for the past five years, and with it she has followed her favourite radio comedian, Tommy Handley, through the labyrinths of "*Itma*." The Duke, if asked to name his preference among the "regular" radio programmes of the last few years, would be likely to select the odd goings-on at "*Much Binding in the Marsh*."

The theatre has always attracted Princess Elizabeth. The less formality the greater her enjoyment of the play, and in the last few years she has been inclined to avoid the "splendid isolation" of the Royal Box, preferring when she goes to the theatre to sit with her friends in the stalls. Informality of this kind is no less to the Duke's taste, and when, shortly after the announcement of their betrothal, he and the Princess went with Princess Margaret and a party of friends to see the American musical, "*Annie Get Your Gun*" at the London Coliseum, they had seats in the stalls, their enjoyment of the show being unhindered by ceremony.

The Duke is fond of the theatre. Even the uncongenial experience of acting small parts—for which he confesses little aptitude and less liking—in youthfully amateur productions did not cast that familiar schoolroom chill over his admiration for Shakespeare, and to-day he rates "*Hamlet*" amongst his favourite plays.

What Hollywood calls "bit" parts in Shakespeare are an indifferent test of acting ability, but the young Prince Philip did not care to wait for opportunities more generous than those provided, for instance, by Donalbain's ten lines in "*Macbeth*" before deciding



Photo : News Chronicle

Dancing a reel at the Royal Caledonian Ball, 1946.

that amateur theatricals were not for him, his only other experience in this line being in Nativity plays at Christmas time. The story that he acted with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret in one of the war-time series of Christmas pantomimes at Windsor is apocryphal—he was never at any of them, not even as a member of the audience.

Princess Elizabeth has a liberal taste in the theatre. It takes in Shakespeare and drawing room comedy, "Oedipus Rex" and "Oklahoma." It is, in short, the enterprising taste of one who is prepared to like the best, in whatever kind. Favourite actors are Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson. After seeing Richardson's Falstaff and Olivier's Hotspur in the Old Vic production of "Henry IV" (Part I) Princess Elizabeth and her sister went home in a mood of such generous enthusiasm that nothing less would content them than a full-dress reading of the play, for which they enlisted the aid of their governess.

Princess Elizabeth's admiration for Olivier's superbly creative performances is shared by her husband, who still speaks of the film version of "Henry V" as one of the finest films he ever saw. But his favourite actor is John Clements, stage and screen star, who appeared in J. B. Priestley's "They Came to a City," both the play and the film, made a

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brilliant success in the recent revival of Noel Coward's "Private Lives," and, more lately, was responsible for some interesting productions under his own management at the St. James's Theatre.

Princess Elizabeth has an alert interest in books and reading. Her literary tastes are remarkably wide, and range from Angela Thirkell and "The Good Companions" to historical works of fine scholarship, such as Winston Churchill's "Marlborough," of which she possesses a presentation copy, with the author's signature on the title page.

A first inspection of the Princess's books—kept for years in glass-fronted bookcases in the "Music Room" at Buckingham Palace—would be likely to reveal no more than a generous catholicity of taste, with "Pride and Prejudice," "The Essays of Elia," and most of the standard classics, both English and French, elbowing Margaret Irwin—a favourite historical novelist—Somerset Maugham, E. M. Forster and Francis Brett Young. There, "Mr. Midshipman Easy" competes for attention with Professor Trevelyan's "English Social History" and Lord Elton's "Imperial Commonwealth," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" with Queen Victoria's "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands."

A closer study of those same shelves, however, would provide a clue, indeed many clues, to something which is very necessary to an understanding of the Princess's personality—her very real fondness for horses and dogs. Many books on horses and dogs are to be found on those shelves, some of them, like Anna Sewell's "Black Beauty," which Princess Elizabeth has read again and again, books which have outlasted her childhood.

The Duke's reading reflects his interest in historical subjects. He reads Trevelyan and Sir Julian Corbett, official naval historian of the 1914-18 war, whose scholarly work, "England in the Seven Years War," made a deep impression upon him. This book contains an exhaustive technical study of the naval strategy of this, the so-called "Maritime War," and no doubt appealed to the Duke's keen interest in the literature of his profession. On the lighter side, the Duke has a pretty taste in detective fiction, with Dorothy Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey books—"Murder Must Advertise," "Unnatural Death," "The Nine Tailors" and the rest—first favourites. An endearing sidelight upon his literary taste is his fondness for the "Alice" books of Lewis Carroll.

Music, the theatre, dancing, reading—here are a few of the tastes the Duke has in common with his Duchess. To them must be added a fondness for horses and riding, although in the Duke's case this has not so far extended to any great interest in racing. Princess Elizabeth, however, is a keen racegoer—and enthusiasm is apt to be infectious.

Dr. Johnson confessed to Boswell that if he could have his way he would spend his life "driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman." The post-chaise has given way to the sports car, but the principle remains the same. Lieutenant Mountbatten used to like to drive Princess Elizabeth about Windsor Great Park in his tiny M.G., of



Photo - Keystone

Shortly after their betrothal the Princess and Lieutenant Mountbatten accompanied the King when he inspected the Home Fleet in the Clyde. Aboard H.M.S. Maidstone.



Photo : P. A.-Reuter

The Princess launches the Cunard White Star liner Caronia October 30th, 1947. She and Lieutenant Mountbatten wave "Godspeed".



Photo : The Times

Betrothed.

which he was very proud. On one occasion Princess Elizabeth thought it would be pleasant to go further afield, and Lieutenant Mountbatten drove her from Windsor to London. Unhappily, they were chased by a tenacious photographer out for a "news picture," and they have not cared to repeat the experiment. It is a revealing example of how even the simplest pleasures which others may enjoy in freedom are too often denied to a Princess by a well-meaning but obtrusive publicity. (Incidentally, the Duke, a keen amateur photographer, has himself taken many snapshots of the Princess, of the King and Queen, Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal Family).

Princess Elizabeth found the M.G. great fun, although, as she said, it was "like sitting on the road," and every time they passed a 'bus her head seemed to be no higher than the hubs of its wheels ! Alas for the M.G., when Lieutenant Mountbatten was driving alone on the London-Chippenham, road near Corsham last October the car skidded at a corner, and finished up in the hedge, badly damaged.

Both at Windsor and at Balmoral, where Lieutenant Mountbatten joined the family party this summer, the rôles of driver and passenger were often reversed, and Princess Elizabeth took the wheel. She learnt to drive during her A.T.S. training at Camberley in 1945, but until the spring of this year she had no car of her own, and for her public



Photo : Dorothy Wilding

A united family.

engagements made use of the black Lanchester which the King put at her disposal. But when she returned from South Africa last May she found waiting for her in the Royal Mews an eighteen horse-power Daimler. It was a twenty-first birthday present from her father.

There is in all this that close community of tastes which is a sound foundation for a happy marriage, and here it is reinforced by the significant fact that in their approach to life the Duke and Duchess have the same way of looking at things, the same sense of fun, the same keen sense of humour. Their union, in fact, is built upon the firm basis of friendship.

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Long before there was any thought of marriage Lieutenant Mountbatten had spent holidays at Windsor and Balmoral as the guest of the King and Queen, who have always had a great liking for the young man who is now their son-in-law. There he had come to enjoy the company of their two happy-natured daughters, and to appreciate that warm family atmosphere which has always formed the steady background of their lives.

I have never made any apology for the fact that in all I have ever written about Princess Elizabeth I have returned again and again to the theme of that happy family life. It is something that is all-pervasive, the dominating influence, shaping and directing the development of her character.

Without a knowledge of how that influence, gentle yet potent, has operated from her earliest years until now, when she stands upon the threshold of a new life, there can be no understanding of Princess Elizabeth.

Let us turn back the pages of the years to where her story begins in the London home of the Strathmores on April 21st, 1926.



Photo: Black Star Pictures

Prince Philip as a Gordonstoun schoolboy.

CHAPTER 2

CHILDHOOD OF A PRINCESS

ON the night of April 20th, 1926, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Secretary of State for Home Affairs in Mr. Baldwin's second government, was summoned to No. 17, Bruton Street, Mayfair, the London home of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, parents of H.R.H. the Duchess of York. In the early hours of the following morning Princess Elizabeth, the first child of the Duke and Duchess, was born, and received as her first visitor the Secretary of State, whose attendance upon the birth of a child in the line of succession to the throne was required by the law of the land. It appears that the baby Princess was so little impressed by the solemnity of this, her first audience, that she yawned in Sir William's face!

The birth of the Princess was registered with the Registrar of Births for the Mayfair Division of St. George's, Hanover Square, and five weeks later the first grand-daughter of King George V and Queen Mary was christened in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, which fourteen years later was to be destroyed by a Nazi bomb. (Fortunately, Queen Victoria's family bible, in which the Princess's birth was recorded, was recovered from the wreckage.)

The chapel that day was massed with white and crimson flowers, and before the altar steps stood the famous "Lily Font," wrought in gold, which had been designed in 1840 for the christening of Queen Victoria's first child, the Princess Royal.

Holding in his arms the child in her long christening robe of old Brussels lace, Dr. William Temple, Archbishop of York, later to be translated to the See of Canterbury, sprinkled upon her forehead drops taken from the River Jordan, and gave to her the names of Elizabeth Alexandra Mary. The first was her mother's name, the second the name of her great-grandmother, Queen Alexandra, the last the name of her grandmother, Queen Mary. Around the golden font stood the child's sponsors—King George V, Queen Mary, the Princess Royal, the late Duke of Connaught, last surviving son of Queen Victoria, then in his seventy-seventh year, and Lord and Lady Strathmore.

At the age of three months the Princess made the first of those long train journeys which were to become a commonplace in her busy life. She was taken north on a visit to the historic home of the Strathmore family, Glamis Castle, whose name runs like a silver thread through Scotland's story. Princess Elizabeth was later to know well the ancient castle, and to succumb to the fascination of its stone walls and staircases, its

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recessed windows, its vast banquet hall and vaulted crypt, the relics it contains of her Stuart ancestors, including the watch that once told the hours for Bonnie Prince Charlie. The long dead past seems close at hand in this house of many memories, and its influence is potent indeed upon all, who, like Princess Elizabeth, have a strongly developed historic sense.

But all this was to come later. On this first visit Glamis Castle was all one with the vast, unexplained world that lay beyond the covers of a perambulator.

At Christmas that year came another journey for the Princess, this time to Sandringham House, that pleasant Norfolk home in which it pleased King George V—as it has pleased his son after him—to live the life of an English

country gentleman, more Squire than Sovereign. It was the first of many Christmases which Princess Elizabeth was henceforward to spend at Sandringham with her parents, always as one of a happy family party which her grandfather, and later her own father, delighted to gather round him at this season of the year.

There was now to come for the Duchess of York the pain of separation from her nine months old baby girl. On January 6th, 1927, the Duke and Duchess left Portsmouth in H.M.S. *Renown* to open the Australian Federal Parliament at Canberra, new capital of the Commonwealth.

It was six months before Their Royal Highnesses, whose travels took them to New Zealand as well as to Australia, were back again in England, and during those months the baby stayed first with her grandmother, Lady Strathmore, at St. Paul's, Waldenbury, in Hertfordshire, and afterwards at Buckingham Palace, where



Photo : Marcus Adams

Queen Mary with her eleven-months-old grand-daughter—a studio portrait sent to the Duke and Duchess of York during their tour of Australia, 1927

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every day at tea-time she would be brought downstairs to play with King George and Queen Mary.

Shortly before *Renown* reached England upon the homeward journey of the Duke and Duchess, the infant Princess, who had by now passed the milestone of her first birthday, was taken to the house, which, for the next ten years of her life, was to be her home. This was the Piccadilly mansion—No. 145—which, until its destruction in the London “Blitz,” stood a few doors below Apsley House. It had been selected by the Duke and Duchess of York as their London residence before they left for Australia, and here, in the absence of her parents, the Princess made her first acquaintance with the nursery suite, which had been planned by the Duchess herself.

Their Royal Highnesses reached England on June 27th. Princess Elizabeth, dressed in her best, was taken from her new home to Buckingham Palace, where the parents were happily reunited with their baby. The cheers of the great crowd broke in wave upon wave against the facade of the Palace as the Duchess came out upon the balcony with her child in her arms.

That day saw the beginning of a serenely happy decade in Princess Elizabeth's life. Those ten years in the house in Piccadilly saw the dawn and meridian of her childhood—soon to be enriched by the companionship of a sister—the beginnings of her education, the emerging development of her character and personality. They began with the thirteen-months-old baby resting in her mother's arms, listening uncomprehendingly to the cheers of the excited crowd beyond the Palace gates; they ended on that February day in 1937, when a child rising eleven, who had a few weeks earlier heard her father proclaimed King, left her old home to drive with her parents and sister to Buckingham Palace, there to begin a new phase of her life as Heir Presumptive to the Throne. The years between were the supremely important formative years in the Princess's life.

With their travels in Australasia behind them, the Duke and Duchess had the fascinating task of getting to know all over again a child whose development had been very rapid in the six months they had been separated from her. Already the baby gave promise of growing into the alert, lively child whose golden curls, blue eyes, wide, generous mouth were to be made so familiar to so many through newspaper and magazine photographs a few years later.

Presiding over those early days of the Princess's awakening development was Mrs. Clara Cooper Knight, known affectionately to all as “Alla.” Mrs. Knight had been nurse to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, and, as she had been to the mother, so now she was to the child—a faithful and much-beloved friend. When she died early in 1946 after forty-five years devoted service, the Queen sent a wreath of violets bearing this moving inscription: “In loving and thankful memory—Elizabeth R.”

The Queen herself exercised a loving supervision over the beginnings of her daughter's education. She it was who first taught Princess Elizabeth her letters. The child was



Photo : P. A.-Reuter

- Twenty years later the Princess is Godmother to the infant daughter of her lady-in-waiting, the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, September 30th, 1947.

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quick to learn, and was a fluent reader by the time she was six years old. It was a great day when she got safely through her first book all on her own. This, I am told, was a collection of simple stories bearing the appropriate title of "Tales for Me to Read by Myself", a book Princess Elizabeth still has in her library.

In later years Princess Elizabeth's education was planned in accordance with a strict routine, her studies beginning each day at 9.15 a.m. and continuing until 12.30 p.m., with a thirty minutes break in the middle of the morning. The afternoons were spent in the open whenever the weather made that possible; otherwise, the Princess would have a drawing lesson or music lesson indoors. She used to look forward to the evening hour, the most precious of the day, which, whenever the Duchess's public duties permitted, she spent with her mother in her sitting room. Her curriculum at this time covered a wide range of subjects, including geography, history, arithmetic, literature, scripture, Latin, French, German, dancing, music and drawing.

The years passed tranquilly by. The Princess was to be found now at Piccadilly, now in Scotland or at Windsor, now at Sandringham, and once at Bognor Regis, where, in the winter of 1929, the child was taken to cheer the King—her "Grandpapa England," as she called him—through the long convalescence that followed upon his critical illness of that year. King George V and Princess Elizabeth were always the greatest of friends, and it was a pretty sight to see them together, the child holding fast to her grandfather's hand, looking up into his face, her bright eyes dancing with the promise of some new mischief. She had taken to calling herself "Lilibet"—it was the best her childish tongue could make of "Elizabeth"—and to this day it is by that name that she is known to all her family. It is by that name she is known to her husband.

Princess Elizabeth was an unusually healthy child, and seems to have escaped those tiresome nursery ailments which afflict most of us. Apart from colds—her first in 1929—she has had no illness more severe than an attack of mumps a few years ago.

When she was four years and four months old there occurred an event of the greatest importance in her life. On August 21st, 1930, the Duchess of York gave birth to a second child. Political fortunes had changed, and it was a Labour Home Secretary, Mr. J. R. Clynes, who was in attendance at Glamis Castle on the wild, storm-wracked night of Princess Margaret's birth. He it was who dispatched to the Lord Mayor of London the traditional telegram, informing him that for the first time since the birth of Charles I at Dunfermline in 1600 a child had been born to the Royal Family on Scottish soil.

At her christening in the chapel at Buckingham Palace the child was given the names of Margaret Rose.

In the year 1932 the Duke and Duchess of York acquired Royal Lodge, that agreeable house set amongst the trees of Windsor Great Park, for which the site had been chosen by the Prince Regent over a century before. In 1932 only the octagonal drawing room



"Lilibet."

Photo : Marcus Adams

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or "saloon", sole surviving feature of the original building, would have served to recall to the Regent's elegant shade the house which the ingenious Mr. Nash designed for him in 1814. It was called the "King's Cottage" then, or simply "The Cottage," as suiting better the rustic atmosphere so carefully contrived by the architect in the romantic taste of the time. The change of name was the least of the many changes the house had undergone in the course of a century and more. Gone were the reed-thatched roof and the mullioned windows to be seen in contemporary prints, gone the thatched veranda covered with creepers and honeysuckle. Yet if nothing of its Gothic romanticism had survived, Royal Lodge remained in 1932, as it does to this day, a pleasant and charming home, in which the Duke and Duchess of York were able to find relaxation and relief from the pressure of their public life, and fresh opportunities to enjoy the companionship of their children.

As a small child Princess Elizabeth was allowed to give some small help in bringing about one of the later changes which completed the transformation of the house. For the first and only time in her life she was encouraged to break something, to "commit wilful damage." The old conservatory with its potted plants was being demolished, and every child will recognize the zest with which the young Princess, casting about for the largest brick she could find, hurled it with prodigious effort through one of the panes, and saw the glass shiver into fragments. The demolished conservatory gave place to the ground floor rooms which are now occupied by the King and Queen, and to the rooms immediately above, which the two Princesses used to share.

Princess Elizabeth has for Royal Lodge those feelings we all cherish for the places in which we have been happy. I had almost written that of all the places associated with her childhood, the Princess loves this the best, when I remembered Birkhall, that simple, unpretentious home on the Balmoral estate of which she herself once said, "My sister and I spent some of the happiest days of our lives there." No wonder that it was here she chose to spend part of her honeymoon. Delightfully situated on the river Muick, and facing down the valley towards Ballater, Birkhall lies some nine miles from the Castle. The fine birches amongst which it stands, and its porch of birch wood, give the house its name—Birkhall, from the old Scots word "birk," which means a birch tree. It has been suggested that the Duke and Duchess may make it their home when they are in Scotland.

From 1932 onwards the Duke and Duchess of York made use of the house every year for their summer visit to the Highlands. As the years went by the Princesses came to look forward more and more to their annual holiday in this friendly house, with its informal garden, full of old-fashioned flowers, and having at its door a rich countryside for two high-spirited children to explore.

But Birkhall was something to be enjoyed not more than once a year. Royal Lodge was closer at hand, and for fifteen years now it has offered the week-end relaxation of



Photo : Studio Lisa

" In their workaday jerseys and kilts." The Princesses play in the garden of Royal Lodge, Windsor.

a simple country home to those whose busy lives stand in greater need of such relief than is, perhaps, commonly realized. Here their parents were able to ensure for the Princesses the privacy and freedom of a normal family life, which has had so benevolent an influence upon their characters.

We may picture the two children revelling in that freedom, scampering, hatless, and in their workaday jerseys and kilts, through the adventures of the long day—and in childhood how infinitely long are the days ! We can get scattered glimpses of them, now playing hide-and-seek amongst the dark shrubberies, now swinging themselves up into the branches of some great tree, now applying themselves with the immense solemnity of children to the business of weeding, watering and raking over the flower beds of their "very own" gardens.

Of all the pleasures which Royal Lodge offered to the youthful Princess Elizabeth it was the stables which held the sharpest attraction for her. Her love of horses, fostered in her childhood, remains today no less strong, and no less characteristic of her. Riding has always been one of her greatest delights ever since that morning in 1929, when, at Naseby Hall, the Northamptonshire estate which the Duke of York had rented for the hunting season, the little Princess was introduced to "Peggy," the Shetland pony, and was given her first riding lesson by her father's stud groom, Owen. Since that day



Central Press Photos

Trooping the Colour, June 1947. The Princess mounted for the first time as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards.

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the Princess has ridden many horses and ponies—Gem and Snowball, Comet and Jock and Pussyfoot, to mention only some of them. Like her sister, Princess Elizabeth generally rides astride, but that she can ride side-saddle, too, no one will need reminding who watched the Trooping the Colour ceremony this year, and admired the flawless dignity with which Her Royal Highness, as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, comported herself at her father's side in the cavalcade from Buckingham Palace to the Horse Guards Parade and back. Princess Margaret is, perhaps, the more fearless rider, but as Princess Elizabeth has had several riding accidents, this is not surprising. Once she came off at a jump and was kicked in the jaw by her horse, and in September, 1945, whilst at Balmoral, she had another nasty accident; she was thrown against a tree and was laid up for a time with severe bruising of both legs.

The tranquil path of the Princess's childhood wound its happy way through Birkhall and Royal Lodge and No. 145, Piccadilly, through early lessons and games shared with her younger sister, of which the most exciting was always "playing horses" around the circular landing outside the nursery suite at No. 145. It was ideal for the purpose, but it held, too, another attraction for Princess Elizabeth.

One of her favourite pastimes as a small child was to collect her toys and throw them down from the landing through the banisters. The little Princess was constantly reprimanded about this habit, and told that it might be dangerous for people crossing the hall below, but it is not easy to persuade a small child that there can be anything that is not just "funny" in the sight of something out of the blue landing suddenly upon an unsuspecting head. Forbidden fruit being as sweet to "Lilibet" as to any other normal child, anything that came handy would continue to be hurtled through the banisters, and an eager little face would be pressed against the bars to watch it fall.

More often than not the missiles chosen for this exciting game would be the animals that "walked two by two" into the Noah's Ark, at that time one of the Princess's most cherished possessions. Giraffes and elephants being placed carefully out of her reach, the Princess was at a loss—but not for long. One evening, being left alone for a few minutes, she was summoned by her nurse to come and have her bath. The little Princess obediently trotted off along the circular landing to the bathroom. To re-visit the scene of her crimes was to renew temptation. It was too much for her. What, oh what, could she throw this time? Suddenly an idea struck her. There was always her dressing gown. A trifle bulky, perhaps, to be stuffed through narrow banisters? But "where there's a will there's a way." There was a little pushing and struggling, a tendency to get tangled up with an obstinate dressing gown cord, and then a triumphant cry. An elated, hand-clapping "Lilibet" announced that the deed was done, and an eminent visitor crossing the hall below narrowly missed having his eminent head smothered in a royal dressing gown.

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May 6th, 1935, stands out as a red-letter day in the childhood memories of the two Princesses. It was, indeed, a day to be remembered in gratitude by the whole nation, and by all the peoples of the Empire, for in the golden sunshine of that May morning, King George V drove with his Queen to give thanks in St. Paul's Cathedral that he had been spared to see his Silver Jubilee, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign.

Less than a year was to separate the day on which the nation celebrated the King's jubilee with so much joy from the bleak January morning on which his people mourned his passing to his last rest. Again, Princess Elizabeth, a tiny, tremulous figure in her black frock, drove through the thronged streets. The same crowds were there, but silent now, silent and oddly still. The Princess was too young to take part in the funeral procession through London, and few there were to notice the closed car which took the child to Paddington Station. There she joined her parents and the rest of the sorrowing family, who accompanied the widowed Queen to the last rites in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

The brief days of the new King's reign slipped quickly by. Looking back, it is hard to realize how many great and solemn events were crowded into less than two years—the Silver Jubilee, the King's death, the dawn of a new reign, the anxious week in which the Empire awaited the outcome of a grave constitutional crisis, resolved on that December day in 1936, when King Edward VIII made known his royal will to renounce the throne.

From the windows of the Piccadilly mansion, which had so strangely become a royal palace overnight, the ten-years-old Princess watched the comings and goings of the men who were now her father's ministers. It had come upon her too quickly for her childish understanding to absorb all that was implied by the sudden deflection of her destiny.

On December 12th, 1936, Princess Elizabeth, watching from a window at Marlborough House a ceremony many centuries old, heard her father proclaimed by the Heralds "Our only lawful and rightful Liege, George Sixth, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

For the child a new phase of her life had begun.

Of the weeks that followed upon her father's accession Princess Elizabeth has now no more than a confused recollection of bustle and change and movement. It must have been an exciting time for the two children, exciting, but bewildering, too. A remark made by the little Princess Margaret at about this time well suggests the rather breathless atmosphere of those weeks in which so much was changed in her own and in her sister's life, so much that was dear and familiar lost, so much encountered that was new and sometimes vaguely alarming. "I'd only just learned to write 'Margaret of York' and now I'm only Margaret," sighed the Princess. It was all very strange.



Photo : Associated Newspapers

Princess Elizabeth accompanied the King and Queen for the first time to the State opening of Parliament, October 21st, 1947.

Then came the day at the beginning of February, 1937, when all was at last made ready for the King and Queen to take up their residence at Buckingham Palace. They were two very excited children who scampered for the last time down the familiar stairs of No. 145, Piccadilly, to drive with their parents along Constitution Hill to the Palace. At the gates the red-coated sentries presented arms. The royal car glided across the forecourt, and from the masthead above the great facade of the Palace the Royal Standard fluttered for the homecoming of King George VI and his Queen. The crimson-carpeted corridors of the Palace rang with a new and joyous sound, the sound of children's laughter, as the young Princesses went off on a tour of re-discovery of the house they already knew so well, but which was now to be their home.

The recollection of those first exciting days at Buckingham Palace has faded long since from Princess Elizabeth's mind, but those who remember the Palace in the first months of the King's residence there know how warming it was to the heart to feel the great house respond, almost as if it were a sentient thing, to the impact of the new, eager life which two young, high-spirited children brought to it. It was a long time since a rubber ball had gone skimming down those long, straight corridors—if, indeed, it ever had before—but this was a phenomenon occasionally to be observed now, whenever, in

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fact, the temptation of their shining emptiness, as inviting as a skittle alley, had proved more than usually provoking to Princess Margaret.

Whilst the little Princesses accustomed themselves to living in their new home, London was preparing for the Coronation. Princess Elizabeth was having to submit herself with the best grace she could to the ordeal of dressmaker's "fittings" for the white ankle-length dress, with velvet and ermine train, that she was to wear at her father's crowning. This is a business which even to this day the Princess finds mildly distasteful, but when she was younger it was accounted a feat deserving of high praise to persuade the child to stand still long enough for the dressmaker to finish her work.

Coronation Day dawned very early for Princess Elizabeth. She was awakened at the horrid hour of 5 a.m. by the strains of a military band swinging along the Mall to take up a position on the processional route, and after that if there had been any way to persuade the excited child to stay one moment longer in bed, no-one was able to think what it was. She was at the window in a moment to see the band go by, and to watch the crowds already collecting in the Mall and Constitution Hill.

"The Times" newspaper, not often to be found in lyrical mood, was so far stirred upon this great occasion as to write in this fashion of the procession of the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal to their places in the Royal Gallery at the Abbey: "Close behind the Pursuivants on either side of the Princess Royal were Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, and all eyes were upon them, small figures advancing with a pretty wonder into a reality as fair as any fable."

"A reality as fair as any fable"—so, indeed, must the wonder and splendour of their father's coronation have appeared to the young Princesses, watching it all with eager eyes from their places in the Royal Gallery. Their only regret, as Princess Elizabeth remembers it, was that they could not watch the procession to and from the Abbey, and at the same time take part in it. They were up against the old difficulty of how to eat the cake and yet still have it!

Landmarks of the years that followed upon the Coronation, as of the years that had gone before, were the family Christmas parties at Sandringham. The traditions which had grown up in the time of George V were no less carefully guarded by the new King, who took the same pleasure as his father in appearing before his Norfolk tenants not as a monarch but as a country squire. The war years made a break with those traditions, but they have since been happily renewed, if without some of the ceremonies, long observed, which have not been able to survive post-war austerity.

Christmas at Sandringham really is a family affair. It means carols and Christmas cards, crackers and charades, holly and presents, and the morning walk to church. As children, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret used to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, but the King always drew the line at dressing up as Santa Claus. There will be plenty of harassed fathers to applaud such strong-mindedness! Again, as



Photo : Studio Lisa

The Princess loves horses. She is seen here with two Norwegian foals bred by the King.



Photo : Studio Lisa

In the music room at Buckingham Palace. In the background are some of the Princess's books.

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children, the Princesses used to make their own Christmas cards and calendars, as well as blotters, paintings, drawings and lino cuts to give away as presents. Princess Elizabeth, a meticulous worker, used to spend long hours making up her cards and almanacks, but they were worth the time lavished upon them, for they were attractively designed and coloured.

In the spring of 1939 the King and Queen were preparing to leave England for what was to be a triumphal progress through Canada, and the first visit ever paid by an English sovereign and his Consort to the United States of America.

On May 6th the two Princesses travelled to Portsmouth in the royal train with the King and Queen, Queen Mary and a large family party. When a few hours later they

came a little sadly and silently back to London in their grandmother's charge, the white-hulled *Empress of Australia* was already standing out to sea, and their parents had begun the first stage of their long and eventful journey. They had promised their mother and father they would not cry, and they had kept their word, but now they were feeling rather lonely and forlorn, and their grandmother talked to them gently and lovingly, pointing out to them from the carriage windows things she knew would interest them, and might keep their minds from dwelling too closely upon the well-loved parents from whom they had so lately parted.

The Queen's last words to Princess Elizabeth aboard the liner, as the two children prepared to go ashore, were, "Be good, and look after Margaret." It was an affecting sight to watch the Princess leading her little sister with immense care down the gangway,



Photo : Fox Photos

Coronation year. Princess Elizabeth at her first concert.
Note the early concentration on music.

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and holding her by the hand as they stood together on the quayside, waving good-bye as the great ship edged out to sea.

Happily for them they had their grandmother to look after them. Her grandchildren are very dear to Queen Mary—"Grannie Queen," as they used to call her—and she is no less dear to them. It is oddly touching to observe the affectionate respect with which they treat their grandmother, always curtsying to her when they meet and when they part from her, whether it be in private, or on a public occasion. It is part of their upbringing, which insists that in no one are good manners more becoming than in a royal Princess.

Only two days after the departure of their parents, Queen Mary took them on a visit to the London Docks, a treat which kept them talking for a long time afterwards. This was in keeping with their grandmother's idea of helping in the children's education by introducing them to the "sights of the town," a practical way of making many of the things they read about in their school books a living reality, rather than so many words on the printed page. So it was that the Princesses went with Queen Mary to visit the Mint, where Princess Elizabeth had the unusual thrill of seeing a hair taken from her own head stamped into a new-minted shilling piece, which she still possesses. In later years Queen Mary continued to invite Princess Elizabeth to go with her when she was to pay a visit likely to be of interest, or of value to her education.

Whilst the King and Queen continued their triumphant progress across the North American continent, the two Princesses, separated from them by thousands of miles, worked hard at their lessons under the direction of Miss Marion Kirk Crawford—now Mrs. George Main Buthlay—who first accepted the offer of an appointment from the Duke and Duchess of York in 1933. She is still governess to Princess Margaret, and is to both sisters a well-loved and greatly trusted friend and counsellor.

At last the day came for their parents' return. Two excited children travelled again to Portsmouth on June 22nd, and were taken out as far as the Needles, where they transferred to the King's barge to be taken alongside the liner, this time the *Empress of Britain*. On board they were re-united with their parents, and celebrated their home-coming with a hilarious welcome-back party.

Princess Elizabeth recalls how she and her sister, in light-hearted mood, released a number of gas-filled balloons through the port-holes of the liner. It is tempting to wonder if there were any amongst the crowds ashore, waiting to welcome the King and Queen, who saw those balloons soaring into the air above the great ship, and if they did, what they made of so strange a spectacle.



Photo : Graphic Photo Union

Beginnings of public life. The Princess taking the salute at the march-past, Slough Youth Week, May, 1945.

CHAPTER 3

THE WAR YEARS AND AFTER

IN the months that followed upon the return of the King and Queen from Canada the world moved forward uneasily to a terrible appointment with death in all its most hideous forms, to undreamed-of miseries and measureless sacrifice.

Their Majesties had gone to Balmoral with their children for their annual summer holiday, but on August 23rd, whilst Ribbentrop was in Moscow signing the Russo-German non-aggression pact, the King returned to London to consult with his ministers. Thicker and faster the war clouds continued to gather, and five days later the Queen decided to come south to be at the King's side. As Her Majesty left the Castle after dinner to catch the night train to London, the pipers played a farewell lament, and two rather woe-begone Princesses became temporary orphans.

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The children were left in the charge of one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Bowlby, and of the late Sir Basil Brooke, who at that time was Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household. On September 2nd, the day after the German invasion of Poland began, the Princesses moved from the Castle to Birkhall, and it was there, in the nursery they had known and loved for so many years, that they listened to the voice of Neville Chamberlain telling the world that Great Britain was at war with Germany. It was here, too, sitting by the radio, that they heard their father speaking in this terrible hour to his peoples throughout the Empire.

For the next few months the Princesses were at Birkhall.

These were the days of the "phoney war," and for the two children they passed as uneventfully as they did for so many of us. Miss Crawford—"Crawfie," as she is affectionately called—was with them, and there were lessons to be done as usual. The Princesses looked forward each evening to the telephone call from their parents, which eased the pain of separation. They felt that separation deeply, and it was a joyful day for the children when the King and Queen decided to let them come south for Christmas. On December 19th the Princesses left Birkhall for London.

Christmas was spent at Sandringham that year as usual, but it was the last spent there for many years. For the remainder of the war the Royal Family were at Windsor for Christmas, and it was at the Castle that the annual pantomimes, which revealed the Princesses' acting talents to a wider audience than their own family, were staged year by year, beginning with "Cinderella" in 1941, and ending in 1944, the last Christmas of the war, with "Old Mother Red Riding Boots." The rehearsals were always strenuous affairs, attended more often than not by the King and Queen. The King turned out to be an exacting critic, always ready with suggestions at rehearsal, and whenever he thought a scene too long or too straggling, rigorous in his use of the blue pencil. "Old Mother Red Riding Boots" was given as many as four performances, and was played to audiences of five hundred people, who had paid from 1/- to 7/6 for their seats—a useful windfall for the fund that went to provide knitted comforts for the Services.

The children did not go back to Scotland after that first Christmas, but moved in January, 1940 to their beloved Royal Lodge, where they stayed for the next three months. In May the Princesses were installed at Windsor Castle.

With them went their dogs, the two Welsh corgis, Susan and Crackers, and Ching, the Tibetan lion dog, inseparable companions all. Crackers betrays his origin by his name; he is one of the litter of puppies born at Sandringham on Christmas Day, 1938; all were given names to suit the season. As for Ching, he should really be called Ching Mwa-tse—"Lotus Flower"—but, melodious though the name is, the Princesses soon decided that it was too much of a tongue-twister for everyday use. Ching arrived in 1939, a white ball of fluff, as a present for Princess Margaret from her uncle David Bowes-Lyon.

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We have arrived now at the years of the greatest significance to Princess Elizabeth's education. This has naturally—certainly from her eleventh year onwards—been directed to the single aim of preparing her for the great destiny that is to be hers. One has only to remember the sombre childhood and adolescence of Edward VII, that joyless victim of a similarly purposeful education, designed by the earnest, well-intentioned Prince Consort, to realize just what that would have meant a century ago. Only a strong constitution and an even harder personality saved the unfortunate youth from being utterly crushed under the load of book learning heaped upon him by his parents' remorseless educational system. Happily for Princess Elizabeth she has had the benefit of modern and more enlightened ideas, and the careful guidance of her father and mother,



Photo : Studio Lisa

Princess Elizabeth as "Prince Charming" in "Cinderella", the Christmas pantomime at Windsor Castle, 1941.

who have so planned their daughter's education that her tastes, her personality, her whole character have been allowed to develop naturally, instead of being confined in the academic strait jacket thought proper to one of her station in Victorian times.

Her education has certainly not been joyless. She has worked hard at her books, has given long hours to the study of subjects which other girls of her age might pardonably



Photo : Graphic Photo Union

Sea Ranger Princess Elizabeth helps with the washing-up in camp at Frogmore, July, 1944.

have neglected, but the austerities of constitutional history, economics and the like have been wisely tempered by the cultivation of the graces, of music and drawing, singing and dancing, all the things which go to make life pleasant. Again, although she has been educated entirely at home, she has known the companionship of other girls of her own age through the Girl Guides and Sea Rangers, of which organizations she has been an active member for many years. (She is today Vice-President of the Girl Guides Association and Chief Ranger of the British Empire.) More important still, she had during the war years the opportunity of experiencing a real community life when she was given a junior commission in the A.T.S., and of this I shall have something to say later in this chapter.

What gave to the war years at Windsor their unique educational value to both the Princesses was that they were relatively free from those distractions and outside interests, which in more normal times must have diverted their attention. It was in this helpful atmosphere of concentration that Princess Elizabeth now went on with her studies in constitutional history, which she had first begun as a child of eleven. Her tutor in this branch of her education was Sir Henry Marten, Provost of Eton, whose methods of teaching were nicely calculated to relieve what in other and less persuasive hands only too often becomes an arid and unattractive subject. He sought always to relate the

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Princess's studies to ordinary, everyday things which had already stimulated her interest before ever they became matter for the schoolroom. One example of this is to be found in a series of lectures upon the evolution of British agriculture, which was suggested to Sir Henry by the Princess's own lively interest in the conservation of some land in Windsor Great Park for purposes of war-time food production. He chose to base his lectures to the Princess upon a detailed history of the Windsor farms, which he used as an illustration and epitome of the whole subject of agricultural methods, as they have developed through many generations of farmers. It was by such means as these that Sir Henry contrived to make palatable, and therefore more easily assimilated, such austere subjects as "National

Expenditure Before the 1939 War," "The Evolution of a Self-Governing Dominion," and "India and the Indian Problem,"—to mention but three of the sub-headings under which the Princess's studies were pursued. The Princess's notes were usually made in pencil, and copied into ordinary exercise books no different from those used by the boys at Eton. They were provided by her tutor, and marked on the usual Eton system. I am told that in all the years in which the Princess was Sir Henry's pupil he never had occasion to write the frigid "N"—it stands for "Nonsense," and is a marking in use at the College—in the margin of one of her exercises.

In an earlier chapter I have briefly referred to the Princess's reading, which has been a valuable supplement to the formal processes of her education, but I have not spoken of her interesting collection of French books. Princess Elizabeth speaks and reads French with unhesitating fluency, and has a reasonably wide knowledge of the French



Photo : Studio Lisa

The Princess is fond of reading.

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classics, particularly of the plays of her favourite, Molière. (She much enjoyed the performance of "L'Impromptu de Versailles" by the Comédie Française during their visit to London in 1945. "Le Barbier de Séville" was also played that night—two of the Princess's favourites, Molière and Beaumarchais, in a double bill.) The Princess has read "Phédre" and "Le Cid," and—a whole world away from the classical severities of Racine and Corneille—the great French romantics, such as Daudet ("Lettres de Mon Moulin"), Victor Hugo, Dumas ("Monte Cristo," "Les Trois Mousquetaires"), Alfred de Musset, Pierre Loti, and, among later writers, Anatole France, Maurois ("Ariel," "L'Instinct du Bonheur," "Le Silence du Colonel Bramble"), and Rostand, whose "Cyrano de Bergerac," subtly untranslatable, she preferred to read in the original.

Guy de Maupassant is represented in her French library, and so is Alfred de Vigny, George Sand and Gustave Flaubert ("Madame Bovary"). The "Fables" of La Fontaine share space on the shelves with the letters of Madame de Sévigné. The Princess is not much attracted to French poetry, which she finds over-sentimental, but she is fond of the poems of Ronsard, and has his "Mignonne, allons voir si la rose" by heart. Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" the Princess chose to read in a French rather than in an English translation.

Princess Elizabeth has broadcast in French—in January 1945. It was a moving little speech she made, in which she thanked Belgian children for sending toys to children in Britain, who had lost their homes in the "Blitz." Princess Margaret was to have made the broadcast, but at the last moment she went down with mumps, and her elder sister took her place. There was no time for a rehearsal, but although Princess Elizabeth went to the microphone with no preparation for the ordeal of making a speech in a foreign tongue, the broadcast was strikingly successful.

This was her second broadcast. The first was during some of the darkest days of the war—in October 1940—and was intended for the children of the Empire. The Princess was only fourteen, but, having been carefully rehearsed by the Queen, she made the most delightful impression upon radio listeners, who heard her in the "Children's Hour."

Princess Elizabeth has broadcast on a number of occasions since—most notably on her twenty-first birthday—and always with increasing confidence, although she is still more nervous before the microphone than when facing even the largest of audiences. Her light, clear tones, so reminiscent of her mother's, record well, and are regarded by radio technicians as ideal for broadcasting.

The year 1941 saw Princess Elizabeth confirmed in the Protestant faith of the Church of England. She was prepared for confirmation by Canon A. S. Crawley, one of her father's chaplains, and for the service in the private chapel of Windsor Castle she wore a white dress and veil, and carried a small white leather prayer book, with an "E" stamped in gold upon the cover—her mother's gift.

In the following year the Princess, wearing her Girl Guide's uniform, went to the Labour



Photo : Planet News

The Princess is an accomplished public speaker.



Photo : P. A.—Reuter

Leaving Westminster Abbey, July 10th, 1947.

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Exchange to "sign on" under the National Service Act, and on her sixteenth birthday—April 21st, 1942—she was appointed by the King to be Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. The Princess has since become Colonel-in-Chief of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and of the 16th/5th Lancers, both appointments being announced on her twenty-first birthday.

The Colonelcy of the Grenadier Guards was the first appointment Princess Elizabeth owed to the Crown, but its importance derived less from this than from a fact which, I fancy, largely escaped the notice of the general public at that time, distracted as they were by the great events of the war. The fact was that the Princess was growing up. It was their parents' wish that

in their childhood the Princesses should, so far as that was possible, be shielded from public attention, but for Princess Elizabeth those years of retirement were coming to an end. More and more were the people of Britain—and not of Britain only, but of the British Dominions and Colonies overseas—to become aware of a new figure upon the stage of world events, the figure of the Heir Presumptive, no longer a child, but a young Princess, entering now upon a dedicated life of great responsibility. This realization came slowly, and it is not an exaggeration to say that for many thousands of people, whose attention was naturally focused elsewhere under the impact of the war, her final emergence into public life had the force of a genuine surprise.

In the latter part of 1943 Parliament amended the Regency Act of 1937 at the King's request, in order that Princess Elizabeth, although not "of full age" under the meaning of the statute, might act as a Counsellor of State in the event of His Majesty's absence from the realm. Nearly a year later—in July 1944—the Princess was given her first



Photo : Graphic Photo Union

The Princess presents the prizes. Royal College of Music, October, 1947.

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Photo : Central Press

The Princess in training with the A.T.S. at No. 1 M.T.T. Centre, Camberley, April, 1945.

opportunity to undertake such a responsibility as a member of the Council of State which exercised the royal functions in the absence of the King, then on a visit to his troops in Italy. It was in the same year that His Majesty granted his daughters their coats of arms.

The year 1944 may truly be said to be the year of the Princess's apprenticeship. She was to be seen now again and again in the company of the King and Queen, sometimes with the Queen alone, at an astonishing variety of public engagements. All this was valuable experience for the Princess, and there can be no doubt that she learned a great deal from going about so much with her parents. We catch glimpses of her with the King and Queen during their tour of South Wales in March ; with them at stations of Bomber Command and of the

8th U.S.A.A.F. in July ; at Royal Canadian Air Force bases in August, and, again with her parents, aboard H.M.S. *King George V* at Greenock in October.

These are occasions selected quite at random from her engagement book, which already in 1944 was becoming increasingly full. One entry in it for this year marked the first really important public engagement undertaken entirely on her own. This was the launching on November 30th, at the Clydebank shipyard of Messrs. John Brown and Son, of H.M.S. *Vanguard*, the battleship in which she sailed for South Africa with her parents and sister in February 1947.

On March 5th, 1945, a few weeks before her nineteenth birthday, an official announcement was issued from Buckingham Palace that the King had granted to Princess Elizabeth a commission with the honorary rank of 2nd Subaltern in the Auxiliary

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Territorial Service, and that Her Royal Highness was "at present attending a course at a driving training centre in the south of England"—vague phrase of the kind with which security considerations made us all so familiar during the war.

The Princess was, in fact, under training at the No. 1 M.T. Training Centre at Camberley, where, although she had commissioned rank, she was taking the Driving and Vehicle Maintenance Course for privates and N.C.Os. She was there because she had managed to persuade the King to change his mind. Earlier it had been understood that the special training involved in the preparation of Princess Elizabeth for her great position in the State was to outweigh the claims of the ordinary forms of national service. The Princess had her own ideas about that. She used all her powers of persuasion to get that decision reversed, or at least reconsidered, and in the end she got her way.

The weeks she spent on the course at Camberley were a real joy to her. She loved the life, enjoyed being with the other girls, and would probably agree that she learned more there, useful and fascinating as such knowledge was, than merely how to drive a 15-cwt. truck through heavy traffic or in convoy, how to service and carry out repairs to a motor car or lorry, and how to find her way about a map. What Camberley helped to teach her was more important than all these things. It gave her new confidence in herself and opportunities so far unrivalled—certainly not until she went to South Africa—of meeting and making friends of people with a background wholly different from her own. Wisely, the normal routine of the Training Centre was in no way disturbed by her presence.

When she began her training there the Princess knew next to nothing about a car. When she left Camberley her Company Commander, Junior Commander V. E. M. Wellesley, was able to say: "She is a very good and extremely careful and considerate driver." Commander Wellesley had been the Princess's passenger on a memorable drive from Aldershot to Buckingham Palace, in which Her Royal Highness successfully negotiated the traffic of Oxford Street, Regent Street and Piccadilly, and carried her "L" (Driver under Instruction) sign in triumph along Constitution Hill and through the Palace Gates.

We come now to the last swift, exciting weeks of the war with Germany, and to that astonishing day of mingled hope, relief and joy on which the freedom loving peoples of the world celebrated their deliverance.

It was eight years almost to the day since Princess Elizabeth had stood beside her father and mother, still in their coronation robes, on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, and had looked out upon the cheering crowds. Now another multitude was at the gates, their voices united in the time-honoured, heartening cry, "We want the King!" Once more the Princess, this time in her khaki A.T.S. uniform, stepped out on to the balcony at her parents' side. The intervening years had laid their touch upon her. They had banished the child of Coronation Day, and in her place had set a Princess already accustomed to responsibility, already fully aware of the claims made upon her by her position, already confident of her ability to meet them.



Photo : Graphic Photo Union

Back in London from South Africa, the Princess's public life is resumed. In May, 1947, Her Royal Highness visited the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney.

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In the following week the Princesses drove with their parents on both their victory tours through London, and were with them at the thanksgiving services, the first in St. Paul's Cathedral, the second in St. Giles's, Edinburgh. They were present, too, when the King and Queen drove to the Palace of Westminster to receive loyal addresses from both Houses of Parliament.

From this time forward Princess Elizabeth's engagements were steadily to multiply. Her "apprenticeship," as I have ventured to call it, was over, and as a "public figure" the Princess, though she was but nineteen years old, had now attained to something like her full stature. The crowded pages of her engagement diary testify to the exacting nature of her busy life. Merely to set down all her public activities during 1945 and 1946, without attempting more than the sketchiest comment upon even the most important of them, would be matter enough for a sizable chapter in this book. It would make a varied catalogue, I had almost said a breathless one—breathless, because occasionally the Princess's diary records as many as four, and quite often three engagements, one after another in the course of a single day.

She had accepted the Presidency, or had become the Patron of a formidable list of societies, associations and institutions, some of them, like the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children at Hackney and the Queen Elizabeth League for Children—she is President of all three—reflecting her interest in child welfare, and all of them receiving from her not merely a nominal, but an active support, involving a continuing claim upon her personal attention. Each one of them imposed obligations which made for new additions to an engagement list, which by 1945 had come to be almost as varied and exhaustive as that of the Queen herself. Entries in it included a number of inspections of service units, particularly of her own regiment, the Grenadier Guards, and of the women's auxiliary services, one of the most notable being an inspection on August 3rd of the A.T.S. centre at Camberley, where the Princess had received her own training. Another entry for 1945 recorded the Princess's first official visit on her own to a provincial city. This was in June, when she went to Cardiff to attend a rally of more than 4,000 Girl Guides at the Temple of Peace. Later in the year the Princess was at Bath; in December she was at Brighton; in the following January, at Portsmouth. There followed in the spring and summer of 1946 a whole series of visits to provincial centres, including Nottingham, Sunderland—where the Princess launched the tanker, *British Princess*—Edinburgh, and Northampton.

In March the Princess paid her first visit alone to Northern Ireland, and there she carried out what was, perhaps, the most important series of public engagements that had so far been entrusted to her. Princess Elizabeth crossed the Irish Sea in the cruiser, H.M.S. *Superb*, and spent three days in Northern Ireland, during which she launched the world's largest aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Eagle* and undertook a 200 miles tour through the counties of Tyrone, Fermanagh and Armagh.

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In August 1946, Princess Elizabeth was admitted to the immemorial brotherhood of the Bards of Wales, a picturesque ceremony sanctified by an age-long tradition.

Her summer holiday at Balmoral, which followed at once upon this antique ceremony, allowed the Princess welcome relaxation from the constant pressure of her public life during this crowded year, but with the coming of the autumn and winter months her engagement diary was as full once more as ever it had been. These busy months were made busier still by the preparations which had now to be made for the forthcoming royal visit to South Africa, that visit which was to give both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret their first glimpse of the larger world outside the British Isles. They made ready for it by reading books about South Africa, studying its history, even going as far as to learn to speak a little Afrikaans. For both of them it was to mean an almost inexhaustible series of new experiences and impressions. For both of them it was to be something of a Great Adventure. For Princess Elizabeth it was to have a nobler



Photo : Graphic Photo Union

A life of service beginning—a life of service ended. Princess Elizabeth with Chelsea Pensioners, May, 1947.



Photo : Graphic Photo Union

Inspecting the guard of honour of Royal Marines aboard H.M.S. Vanguard at the dedication service, May 12th, 1945.

significance. It was to give a new reality to that concept which underlay so much of her serious reading of constitutional history, the concept that makes of the Crown the indispensable link between a community of nations widely scattered over the face of the earth.

By the King's side, and under his tutelage, Princess Elizabeth was to see for herself, and for the first time, an integral part of that inheritance which it is the sacred responsibility of the Crown to unify and preserve, that heritage which will one day come to her and be her charge.



Photo: The Times

The Princess and her lady-in-waiting, Lady Margaret Egerton, at rifle practice aboard H.M.S. Vanguard on the way to South Africa.

CHAPTER 4

SOUTH AFRICAN VISIT

THE King and Queen and their daughters left Portsmouth for South Africa in H.M.S. *Vanguard* on the first day of February, 1947. Snow was falling as, soon after dawn, the great battleship slipped her last moorings and moved down the harbour towards Spithead and the open sea.

Sixteen days later in the brilliant sunshine of a South African summer *Vanguard* was escorted into Capetown harbour by frigates of the South African Naval Flotilla, and for the first time in its history a reigning British sovereign set foot upon the soil of the Union.

In the following April—the date was April 24th—the King and Queen and the Princesses re-embarked, this time under a sullen grey sky, which added its own melancholy to Capetown's reluctant parting, and as the crowds ashore sang “Auld Lang Syne,” H.M.S. *Vanguard* set her homeward course.

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In the two intervening months the royal visitors had completed an epic journey of close on ten thousand miles—nearly five thousand miles by rail, five thousand miles by air. It was a journey accompanied at every stage by overwhelming demonstrations of loyalty and affection, so spontaneous, so warm-hearted that even those who, before the event, were most confident of the tour's success saw their highest expectations eclipsed by the triumphant reality of South Africa's welcome, a welcome repeated with no less enthusiasm in Southern Rhodesia.

The full measure of that success was probably apparent only to those who had the opportunity of accompanying the famous White Train on its Odyssey through that vast and surprising land. The wonder of those exciting weeks is still with me as I write. The great cities, Capetown, East London, Durban, Pretoria, Johannesburg, Salisbury, vied with each other for the distinction of being able to say, "Here it was they had their finest welcome."

The mass demonstrations in the cities were inspiring and deeply felt, but not less moving was the welcome given to the royal party by those isolated communities and settlements where the train schedule was briefly interrupted to avoid disappointing an eager yet patient crowd. In these little communities where, as Princess Elizabeth put it, "We could include the whole town in our conversation," it was curiously affecting to watch the faces of the people, and to see reflected there the joy and pride they felt that there should have fallen to them such an unlooked-for opportunity to meet and talk with their King and Queen, and with the girl who would one day have a claim upon their allegiance.

Whatever may be the final repercussions of the tour upon South Africa's delicately adjusted political structure, there can be no doubt that the royal visitors left behind them nothing but the most sincere good will. The South Africans recognised from their first contacts with the King and Queen and their daughters that here were just those qualities which in the Union are most readily admired. I think that before the tour began there were many in South Africa who were inclined to be overawed by the idea of royalty, and were half prepared for something so majestic, formidable, and intimidating that anything more intimate than a respectful cheer at a respectful distance would seem an impertinence. They found, instead, simplicity, friendliness, approachability, and that true dignity that has no need of a rigid formality to support it. Their delighted response was so swift and so complete that the tour had hardly begun before its success was overwhelmingly assured.

Yet it seemed to me that at first they hesitated to admit Princess Elizabeth to their affections with the same completeness of surrender they made to the Queen. This was easily to be understood, since it was natural that for the most part the Princesses' place should be in the background, and that they should attract a smaller share of public attention than was, quite properly, given to the King and Queen. The freshness of youth made, of course, its obvious appeal, but I think that during the early formalities of the

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tour there were many who fell into the error of thinking they lacked more positive qualities.

Something of this hesitation may be seen in the newspaper reports of the events of those first few days spent in Capetown after the royal party's arrival. The reporters clearly have no reservations about the King and Queen, especially the Queen, whose charm made an immediate conquest of everyone—of the reporters themselves not the least! But it is equally plain that they are in something of a difficulty about the Princesses. Here their eloquence falters, and they fall back upon a few harmless generalities, as if they doubt their ability to say anything that will sound in the least convincing.

These reservations were not destined to survive for very long. They were finally dispersed by Princess Elizabeth's first appearance at an engagement of her own. This was on March 3rd, when Her Royal Highness opened the new graving dock at East London, the second most important city of Cape Province. The unaffected grace of her manner made a most agreeable impression upon the large crowd, which was quick to note and to admire the firm control she took of a situation which was by no means an easy one for her. By this I mean that a strong wind was blowing in from the estuary of the Buffalo river, and women, clutching at their hats and billowing skirts, spent a difficult morning coping with its boisterous antics. The Princess refused to be put out of countenance by

inconveniences which were more trying for her than for anyone, since in making her broadcast speech she had not only to keep her frock in order, and prevent her hat from being plucked away by the unmannerly wind, but had at the same time to turn over the fluttering pages of her manuscript—a compound task for which one pair of hands was scarcely enough! Yet she managed it all with an admirable *sang-froid*.

A broadcast speech on a windy day—East London, South Africa, March, 1947.



Photo : Associated Press



Photo : The Times

The Princesses rose early most mornings to ride. Here they are on the shore at Bonga Bay.

Indeed, the thing was accomplished with so much grace that it was hard to credit that the Princess had had so brief an experience of appearing before the public.

If the wind had torn the manuscript from her hand, and had scattered the pages on the heads of the crowd, I doubt if even then the Princess would have been at a loss.

That windy day at East London did a great deal to enhance the Princess's popularity amongst the South Africans. They came to like her still better when, as it were, the natural awkwardness of a first meeting began to pass. More and more they grew to appreciate that the decorum imposed by formalities from which, save in private, royalty can never be entirely free, while if masked could not conceal the appealing qualities of youth.

Princess Elizabeth came closest to the nation's heart in those moments of relaxation without which the exhausting itinerary of her tour could scarcely have been supported. The South Africans loved to watch the Princesses out riding in the early morning, or to read about them in the newspapers, how they would gallop across the vast emptiness of the Veld, dressed alike in jodhpurs and yellow shirts, to return in high spirits, flushed and exhilarated by an exercise which has always been for both of them among the rarest of delights.

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Their love of horses and dogs, and their quick response to the outdoor life, which in South Africa, even amongst those who dwell in the cities, has the force of a cherished tradition, made a close bond with the people, and claimed ever more of their affection. There was nothing better they liked to read, for example, than that the Princesses had been swimming again with their father. In short, I found everywhere in South Africa a warm-hearted desire that, arduous as the tour with its multiplying engagements might be, the royal visitors should be able to look upon it as in some sort a holiday.

But it was not ; nor could it be.

It imposed, indeed, an immense strain upon every member of the party, especially upon the King and Queen, and there were times towards the end when the signs of that strain were plain to see.

The South Africans are a vigorous and demonstrative people and the very eagerness of their welcome, while it must have moved and gratified the King and Queen and their daughters, did impose its own penalty.

It was always the little, "human" story which most surely captured the public



Photo : The Times

The Princess with native Girl Guides.



Photo : South African Railways

Inspecting the engine of the Royal Train, South Africa.

imagination. Nothing, for example, more endeared Princess Elizabeth to the South Africans, and particularly to the coloured people, than her simple act of kindness to a party of native Girl Guides from the Masera Mountain leper colony in Basutoland. They were segregated, these poor, afflicted children, in a special 'bus away from the 400 other Guides and Brownies who were on parade for the Princess's inspection. Longingly, they watched from the windows, hoping, but hardly expecting, I suppose, that the Princess would notice them. But she did, and when she was told their story, the Princess walked over to the 'bus, and from only a few feet away—as near, indeed, as she was allowed to go—stood smiling up at the children. "I'd like to see them all," said the Princess, and she walked round to the other side of the 'bus, and there the children, too excited to speak, smiled back at her, their faces shining with happiness.

It was a sensitive, kindly thing to do, and with astonishing rapidity the news of the happiness which the Princess had brought to the leper children spread throughout Basutoland, until there was not a native settlement which had not heard of it. It will be many a long year before this incident is forgotten amongst the coloured people.

Incidentally, it was from the Regent of Basutoland, Mantsebo Seeiso, a woman who is herself possessed of all the grave dignity of her race, that the Queen and Princess Elizabeth received what was, perhaps, the most charming compliment of the many paid to them during their South African visit.

"You are more beautiful than I had imagined anyone could be," she told the Queen, "and your daughter already seems to be a Queen, because she has so much dignity."

The coloured population displayed at all times the deepest interest in everything

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that concerned Princess Elizabeth, and not least in the rumours of her approaching engagement, which were throughout the royal visit as actively discussed in South Africa as ever they were in England. The Zulu address of welcome at Eshowe, where the warriors made the earth tremble beneath their stamping feet, as they pounded out the rhythms of "Ngoma Umkosi," the Royal Dance before the King, was quoted everywhere for the sake of its picturesque Bantu imagery. It would have been quoted still more widely had one sentence in it not been deleted. That "lost" sentence came to the point with childlike directness. It clearly would not do, but I can imagine that the warriors were grieved to see it go.

It ran something like this :

"We hear, O King, your eldest daughter, Princess Elizabeth, is about to give her heart in marriage, and we would like to hear from you who is the man, and when this will be."

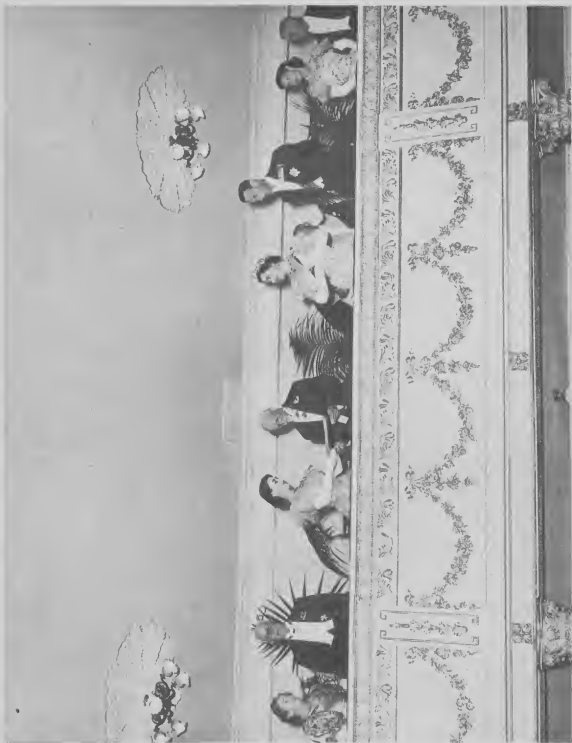
They had not long to wait for the answer—barely four months.

The day on which Princess Elizabeth attained her majority provided the royal tour with its perfect climax. It was an unforgettable day, bringing to the Princess, as the most precious of many splendid gifts, the stored-up affection and good will of millions of people in every part of the British Commonwealth. So great a gift as this is not bestowed without imposing its own heavy obligations, and so it was that the day, although it was one of great rejoicing, had its serious, even its solemn undertones. Of this the Princess showed herself to be fully conscious in the broadcast speech she made that evening to a listening Empire.

In the weeks which preceded this great day it was naturally the King and Queen who had attracted the major share of the people's regard. Now they gracefully stepped aside and left their elder daughter to take the foremost place. In South Africa the anniversary had been declared a national holiday, and from early morning to late at night the streets of Capetown were thronged with jubilant crowds, determined to make it a day of great happiness for the Princess, and to have a share in that happiness themselves.

True, the day began with a disappointment. The Princess was to have made the ascent of Table Mountain by cableway in the morning, but it was a sullen dawn, and heavy rain clouds hung low over the mountain top, compelling the cancellation of this, the first event of the day's exhausting programme. Instead, Princess Elizabeth spent the morning at Government House, receiving her birthday gifts and reading some of the hundreds of congratulatory messages, which by now were flowing in from all over the world.

One came from the British Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee, offering the congratulations of himself and his Cabinet, and praising "the simple dignity and wise understanding," which, he cabled, had endeared the Princess to every class. To a telegram from the Lord Mayor of London the Princess sent a reply in which with pride she spoke as a Londoner to Londoners, thanking them for their good wishes.



At her Birthday Ball at Government House, Capetown, Princess Elizabeth receives from General Smuts, South Africa's "coming of age" present of diamonds, April 21st, 1947.

Photo : Graphic Photo Union



Photo : The Times

Birthday review of 10,000 troops at Youngsfield, Capetown, April 21st, 1947.

Birthday presents there were by the score—the personal gifts of her own family, diamond earrings from the Diplomatic Corps, a diamond brooch from all the members of the Royal Households, the Grenadier Guards badge in diamonds, gift of the regiment of which she is the Colonel, these and many more.

Happily the clouds cleared by the afternoon, and the sun came out for the birthday review by the Princess of ten thousand troops, ex-service men and women and cadets on the parade ground at Youngsfield, where, after driving round the ranks, standing up in an open car, she took the salute at a march past. Here she was attended by General Smuts, South Africa's Prime Minister, and his entire Cabinet was there to do her honour. Later, at a great youth rally, ten thousand eager young voices sang for the Princess :

Happy birthday, dear Princess,

Happy birthday to you.

Her birthday broadcast she made from Government House in the early evening, and afterwards she motored with her parents and sister to nearby Westbrooke for a dinner party given in her honour by the Governor-General.

On the way back to the city the cars were halted in the De Waal Drive to see the fireworks display. Below them Capetown was ablaze with light.



Photo : Associated Press

The Mayor of Capetown presents the Princess with the traditional "coming of age" key, April 21st, 1947.



Photo: Graphic Photo Union

At the Princess's side.

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At the City Hall three thousand people dancing at a Civic Ball saw the Mayor of Capetown present the Princess with a golden key. Then, to crown the events of a happy but fatiguing day, the Princess, a radiant figure in her white tulle evening gown, sparkling with diamante and sequin embroidery, attended a young people's ball at Government House, where General Smuts made to her South Africa's glittering birthday gift of diamonds—eighty-seven superb stones in a silver casket.

Making the presentation in the cream and gold gallery of the crowded ballroom, with the King and Queen at his side, General Smuts said this of the Princess :

"In this changing world where mankind is once more reaching for new paths to the future, we wish her a place of her own in history. In her father and mother and the beautiful background of her family life she has sure guides in the paths of public duty and unselfish devotion . . . We are glad and proud that one so human and sincere and modest has been given to us as the link to bind together the peoples of our world-wide group in bonds of understanding and co-operation."

It was a speech in the spirit of the Princess's own broadcast speech, which had been heard a few hours before in every part of the British Commonwealth, as well as in Britain itself, where good reception allowed the affecting sincerity of her words to make its full appeal. Then, she had spoken of the noble motto, "I serve," borne by many of her ancestors, words, she said, which were an inspiration to many bygone heirs to the throne when they made their knightly dedication as they came to manhood.

"I cannot do quite as they did," the Princess added, in a closing passage to which surely no-one could have listened without being deeply moved, "but through the inventions of science I can do what was not possible for any of them. I can make my solemn act of dedication with a whole Empire listening. I should like to make that dedication now. It is very simple.

"I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great Imperial family to which we all belong.

"But I shall not have strength to carry out this resolution alone unless you join in it with me, as I now invite you to do ; I know that your support will be unfailingly given.

"God help me to make good my vow, and God bless all of you who are willing to share it."

* * *

Ten weeks later with Princess Elizabeth's betrothal the eyes of the public turned with friendly interest towards the young naval lieutenant, a new figure, one hardly known to them, who was now to be at the Princess's side to help her—so far as such a responsibility can ever be shared—to fulfil the immense obligation she had solemnly accepted on her twenty-first birthday in the presence, real but unseen, of a multitude of listeners.

CHAPTER 5

NAVAL LIEUTENANT

SO far as a man is what his upbringing, education and training have made of him, Prince Philip of Greece was an Englishman long before he was granted British nationality in February 1947. He was born a Prince of the Greek Royal House—but he has no Greek. English is his language, the language in which he shapes his thought. His tastes and interests are typical of the intelligent young Englishman of his age and background. Even his titular link with Greece was severed by naturalization, by which Prince Philip became plain Lieutenant Mountbatten R.N., and surrendered his right to a place in the order of succession to the throne of the Hellenes.

In tracing his genealogy it makes a useful start to remember that the new Duke stands in the same relationship to Queen Victoria as Princess Elizabeth herself. Each is the great-great grandchild of the old Queen, the Duke through his mother, Princess Alice of Battenberg, eldest daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Prince Louis of Battenberg, afterwards first Marquess of Milford Haven. Her mother, the Dowager Marchioness, an old lady now in her eighty-fifth year, is one of the surviving granddaughters of Queen Victoria.

The Duke's affinities with the Royal House of Greece—though he has no Greek blood—and with the Danish Royal House, are established through his father, the late Prince Andrew of Greece, who died in 1944. Prince Andrew was the son of that Danish Prince, brother of our own Queen Alexandra, who in 1863 accepted the offer of the vacant Greek throne, to become George I of the Hellenes.

King George was assassinated in March, 1913, and was succeeded by his son Constantine, Prince Andrew's eldest brother. Abdicating in 1917, King Constantine was restored to his throne three years later, but by the time his nephew Philip was born—on June 10th, 1921, at his father's villa, "Mon Repos," on the island of Corfu—he was already within fifteen months of losing it again. In the autumn of 1922, political events, culminating in a military *coup d'état* against the King, brought about a reversal of the fortunes of the Royal House, and sharply affected the future destiny of the infant Prince Philip. On September 27th, Constantine I abdicated a second time, and retired to Palermo, where he died in the following January. His brother, Prince Nicholas, father of the future Duchess of Kent, was exiled. Prince Andrew, youngest of the three, and a General in the Greek Army, was at first allowed to remain on Corfu, but not for long.



Photo : Bippa

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Arrested on a warrant signed by the new War Minister, General Pangalos, later to become President of the 1924 Republic, the Prince was put on trial in the House of Parliament at Athens, and on December 2nd, was sentenced to banishment. On the following day Prince Andrew and his family embarked at Phalerum aboard the British light cruiser *Calypso*, which took them to Brindisi, and from there they continued their journey overland to London.

As a baby, Prince Philip was for a little while in England, but it was on the family estate at St. Cloud, near Paris, that he spent the first years of his boyhood. Many of his holidays he spent in England with his grandmother, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, with whom he was a great favourite. Others were spent with his sailor uncles, first with the Marquess of Milford Haven, and afterwards with Lord Louis Mountbatten—later to be given an Earldom for his services in India. Lord Mountbatten's influence and wise judgment is apparent at every stage of the boy's upbringing, and not least in his choice of a career. From the first, he took the closest and most affectionate interest in Prince Philip, whom he came to regard as he might his own son. He was, as he has always remained, the boy's firm friend and mentor.

When Prince Philip was nine years old he was sent to the famous preparatory school at Cheam, which is still known as "Tabors" or the "old Tabor School." It is one of the oldest preparatory schools in the country, and only this year Lieutenant Mountbatten, as he was then, attended and made a speech at its tercentenary celebrations. Former pupils include the present Speaker of the House of Commons, Colonel Douglas Clifton Brown. Another was Lord Randolph Churchill, father of Winston Churchill.

The young Prince fitted himself quickly and happily into the traditions of the school. We hear of a prize for French. We discern already something of his later prowess in most outdoor games. He was good at cricket and a useful footballer.

Those three preparatory years at Cheam were the boy's only contact with traditional teaching methods, for he was now to become a pupil at Dr. Kurt Hahn's school at Salem on the shores of Lake Constance, and that meant a farewell to orthodoxy. Nothing was conventional about this progressive school, established immediately after the 1914-18 war by Prince Max of Baden, to whom Dr. Hahn owed his appointment as headmaster. The Prince was not there for very long. Hitler had come to power in Germany and a school run by a headmaster of Jewish origin, whatever its world-wide reputation, was an unthinkable offence against his creed of racial hatred. After an unavailing struggle to defend his school against Nazi intolerance, Dr. Hahn was arrested, and released only through the direct intervention of Prince Berthold of Baden with President Hindenburg. Dr. Hahn left Germany, and, with the backing of an influential group of British educationalists interested in his methods, restarted his school in a country house at Gordonstoun in Morayshire, some six miles north-west of Elgin. Prince Philip, now



Photo : Sport and General

The Gordonstoun schoolboy. "A cheerful shipmate . . . not afraid of dirty and arduous work."

a boy of thirteen, was amongst those of his old pupils who were able to follow him to Scotland. He remained with Dr. Hahn for the next four years.

It is an essential part of Dr. Hahn's educational methods to insist upon the highest standard of physical fitness, and emphasis is laid upon running, jumping, swimming, sailing and riding. Prince Philip soon excelled at all these. It is also a tenet of Dr. Hahn that a school is nothing that does not take its full share in the life of the community of which it is a part, and the boys of Gordonstoun are taught to be good neighbours to the fisher folk who wrest a hard livelihood from the sea that breaks against their bleak and rain-swept shore. Prince Philip was the best of good neighbours. They remember him for his high spirits, his friendliness, his willingness to help.

The years he spent among these hardy fisher folk developed in the boy his inherent love of the sea, and encouraged in him a natural feeling for seamanship. He took part in school sailing expeditions along the west coast of Scotland and to Norway, and his tutor reported : "He is a cheerful shipmate . . . thoroughly trustworthy . . . not afraid of dirty and arduous work." Expert in the sailing of small craft on the Moray Firth, he was one of the few boys allowed to have charge of an open boat under sail in all weathers without an adult aboard.

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Although he has nothing of the aggressive quality which is apt to accompany a forceful or dominant personality—he is too easy-going to be any such thing—Prince Philip showed promise even in his schooldays of possessing a capacity for leadership. He became captain of his school cricket and hockey teams, and in his last term was chosen as head of the school. He worked hard at his studies, but in class does not appear



Photo : Keystone

Lieutenant Mountbatten on parade. H.M.S. Royal Arthur, Corsham, Wiltshire.

to have shown more than the average aptitude. He had one favourite subject, and that was—geometry.

By the time he was sixteen the Prince had made up his mind that he wanted to be a sailor. He was given the choice of a career in the Army or the Navy. He chose the Senior Service, and in this his own inclinations accorded with the traditions of his family. He is the grandson of the admiral—Prince Louis of Battenberg, afterwards Marquess of Milford



Photo : New York Times



Photo : Keystone

With fellow officers before taking Morning Divisions at H.M.S. Royal Arthur, Corsham, Wiltshire.

Haven—to whom, as First Sea Lord, has justly been given the credit for the technical efficiency with which the Fleet entered the war against Germany in 1914. He had, too, the examples of his uncles, the second Marquess, a captain in the Royal Navy, and, of course, of Lord Louis Mountbatten, a naval officer of the first distinction. His cousin, and Best Man at his wedding, the present Marquess of Milford Haven, is also in the service.

At the age of eighteen Prince Philip was ready to make a beginning with the profession he had chosen. The year was 1939, and as the Prince entered upon his training at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, already the air about him was heavy with the rumours of approaching war. Within a few months of his arrival the storm broke.

Prince Philip had a distinguished record at Dartmouth, where he won both the King's Dirk and the Eardley-Howard-Crocket prize as the best all-round cadet of his term. In 1940, his Dartmouth training over, he sailed as a midshipman with the Mediterranean Fleet, first in the battleship *Ramillies* and afterwards in the cruisers *Kent* and *Shropshire*. He was serving in the battleship *Valiant* during the early months of 1941, and it was in that ship that Prince Philip took part in the famous night action off Cape Matapan, in which three Italian cruisers were sunk in as many minutes by the hairsbreadth accuracy



Photo : Associated Press

With Princess Elizabeth in Edinburgh, when she received the Freedom of the City, July 16th, 1947.



Photo : Associated Press

War-time service in the Pacific.

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of the fire of the British battle squadron. He was in charge of a section of *Valiant's* searchlight control, and his efficient performance of that duty earned for him a mention in dispatches from Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, and the award of the Greek War Cross.

A year later—in January, 1942—he was appointed to H.M.S. *Wallace*, flotilla leader on the home station, in the rank of sub-lieutenant, and in the following year was promoted lieutenant. He was just twenty-one, and when in October he succeeded to the position of first lieutenant in *Wallace*, thus becoming responsible for the discipline and internal organization of the ship, he had the distinction of being the youngest officer in the Service to occupy an executive post of such responsibility in a ship of the size of *Wallace*. During the two years Prince Philip served in H.M.S. *Wallace* he covered the Canadian landings in Sicily.

Then, in February, 1944, he was appointed first lieutenant of the new destroyer, H.M.S. *Whelp*. The ship presently joined the British Pacific Fleet, and her first lieutenant now saw some strenuous service in the Far East, which ended only with the Japanese surrender in Tokyo Bay on September 2nd, 1945. H.M.S. *Whelp* was present at that historic ceremony. Photographs survive from this phase of the Prince's war-time service which show him with a flourishing beard and the aspect of an amiable pirate!

Home from the Far East, Prince Philip was given a shore job, and no better proof could be asked of the extent to which the qualities of leadership latent in the Gordonstoun schoolboy had been developed by active service under war conditions than that he should have been selected for the training service. First he joined H.M.S. *Glendower*, the training centre at Pwlheli, and later, when the Admiralty closed this establishment, the Prince was appointed to H.M.S. *Royal Arthur* at Corsham in Wiltshire, where the announcement of Princess Elizabeth's betrothal still found him at his work of training Petty Officers.

CHAPTER 6

ROYAL ROMANCE

CHILDHOOD recollections are unreasonably selective. We remember years afterwards, and with photographic vividness, some tiny incident, utterly trivial and unmeaning, when the memory of others of far greater significance to us at the time may have been entirely forgotten. There is one toy we remember for ever, while memory obliterates a dozen others. It is the same with our childhood friends. Our recollection will sometimes select one face and as arbitrarily ignore others, although as children they may have been far more familiar to us. These things are without apparent rhyme or reason, and there would appear to be no special magic which preserves through the years the memory of the childhood meetings of those who are destined to fall in love with each other and to marry.

As a child, Princess Elizabeth must have met Prince Philip. She may have seen him at children's parties ; almost certainly she met him at the time of her father's Coronation, and probably, also, at the wedding of his first cousin, Princess Marina, to the Duke of Kent in 1934—a wedding at which the eight-years-old Princess was one of the bridesmaids. It is, indeed, quite possible that in their childhood they spent hours in each other's company. If so, all remembrance of them has passed from the Princess's recollection. They left no impression upon her mind.

In the summer of 1939, just before the war, the thirteen-years-old Princess went with her parents and sister to the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and there she met a tall, fair-haired cadet, five years her senior, who had been but lately enrolled, and who now busied himself in showing the child round the College. That is, literally, Princess Elizabeth's first recollection of the man who is now her husband.

It was, to be some time before she was to meet him again. War came ; the Prince was serving in the Navy, the Princess busy with her lesson books at Windsor. Although during the next three years Prince Philip was in England from time to time on home leave, it was only very occasionally that he saw Princess Elizabeth—perhaps twice or three times, scarcely more. Then came a spell of leave when both Lord and Lady Mountbatten, with whom he would normally have shared it, were out of England. The King and Queen invited the Prince to spend a week-end at Windsor. This week-end was followed by others, and there was also an occasion—it was the only time they met elsewhere than at Windsor—when both the Prince and the Princess were guests of the Duchess of Kent at



Photo : The Times

With a Conducting Officer at Dartmouth, 1939. The first occasion Princess Elizabeth remembers meeting her husband, then a cadet at the Royal Naval College.

a week-end party at "The Coppins," her home at Iver. They were beginning now to have a real chance to get to know each other.

Yet this was a romance which was slow in ripening. At the beginning they had such slender opportunities of meeting, and then, just when they were becoming better acquainted, the Prince's war service took him to the Far East, and for two years Princess Elizabeth saw no more of him. It was true they wrote to each other, but it was not until the early part of 1946, when Prince Philip was back home again in England—not, indeed, until he had taken up his duties as an instructor at the Royal Naval Petty Officers School at Kingsmoor—that their relationship was recognisably the relationship of two young people in love.

When Princess Elizabeth was recently reminded of those times, she remarked that it was "great luck that he was given a shore job just then." It was lucky, indeed, for the chances it gave them of more frequent, less fragmentary meetings, allowed them, also, to discover their true feeling for each other. It was now that they spoke of marriage, but it was understood between them that their betrothal must wait until the Princess had attained her majority, and until the forthcoming royal tour of South Africa was over.



Photo : Studio Lita

The Princess in her sitting room at Buckingham Palace, December, 1946.

Prince Philip spent a great deal of his week-end leave with the Royal Family at this time, and in the late summer of 1946, the school being closed, he was a guest at Balmoral for six whole weeks.

On September 7th, the London "Star" gave front page prominence to a story that "circles close to the Royal Family" were confidently expecting an announcement of the engagement of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip of Greece. It released a flood of more or less knowledgeable speculation, which pursued them vigorously through the autumn of 1946 and the early months of 1947. They were seen about together quite a lot at parties and private dances. Watching them, people tried to make up their minds whether there was anything to support the rumours, or whether they were as baseless as earlier speculations, which had linked the Princess's name with half a dozen young men, merely because she had been seen dancing with one or other of them.

Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip had been photographed together earlier in the year at the wedding of the Princess's lady-in-waiting, the Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs, to the Queen's nephew, the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone. That winter they were photographed together again, this time at the wedding at Romsey Abbey of Lord and Lady Mountbatten's elder daughter, Patricia, to Lord Brabourne.



Photo : New York Times



Photo : Keystone



The first engagement photograph.

Photo : The Times



Reviewing troops, South Africa, March, 1947.

Photo : Associated Press



Photo : Graphic Photo Union

Lieutenant Mountbatten's first public speech, Corsham, November 1st, 1947.

Both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were amongst Lady Patricia's bridesmaids, and when photographs appeared showing Prince Philip, one of the ushers, escorting the royal party, and assisting the Princesses with their fur wraps, the rumours received a further stimulus.

Early in December it became known that, through his commanding officer, Prince Philip had applied for British naturalisation. In the public imagination this could only mean one thing—an early announcement of the engagement, to which naturalisation was regarded, quite erroneously, as an essential preliminary. The rumours quickened.

There can be no doubt that the newspaper publicity, and the public's natural, but often inconvenient, curiosity was a cause of some embarrassment to both the young people most nearly concerned. I remember one slightly awkward moment when the Princess was driving to the City to fulfil one of her public engagements and the crowd on the kerbside called out to her with kindly humour, "Where's Philip?" It was one of many small embarrassments which befell the Princess at this time. The story "blew hot



Photo : Graphic Photo Union

*The King and Princess Elizabeth at the Cenotaph, Remembrance Day, November 9th, 1947.
Lieutenant Mountbatten accompanies them for the first time.*

and cold," now seeming to have something in it, now to have nothing at all. A rumour that Prince Philip was to accompany the Royal Family to South Africa was quickly denied.

Throughout the tour of the Union speculation was no less active. The Princess was said to have with her on the White Train a photograph of Lieutenant Mountbatten—with his naturalisation he had relinquished his royal title. That was true. She was also said to be writing to him every day, or at least three or four times a week, and that was not true. Princess Elizabeth is a great letter writer, but the South African tour was so insistent in the demands it made upon her time and energies, that, as the Princess laughingly said, Lieutenant Mountbatten was lucky to get a letter at all !

One day my colleagues and myself on the Press Train were bombarded with cables from London demanding confirmation or denial of a Canadian newspaper report that the engagement was going to be announced by the King on the eve of the Princess's twenty-first birthday, and there was even some suggestion that Lieutenant Mountbatten would suddenly appear in Capetown for the joyful occasion. The story quickly petered



Photo : Dorothy Wilding

out in denial. Later the notion got about that the news of the engagement was to be made public on Empire Youth Sunday. That again was wrong.

Those whose position placed them in the closest contact with the Princess maintained throughout these months of rumour and denial that they quite simply did not know the truth of it one way or the other, and I do not think that that was intended merely to shield her from importunate inquiries. The Princess's feelings for Lieutenant Mountbatten, and his for her, were their own intimate concern, and they rightly chose to keep their love story a secret from everyone outside their immediate family circle.

In due course the Cabinet was informed. So were the Governments of the Commonwealth. All sent their good wishes and cordial approval.

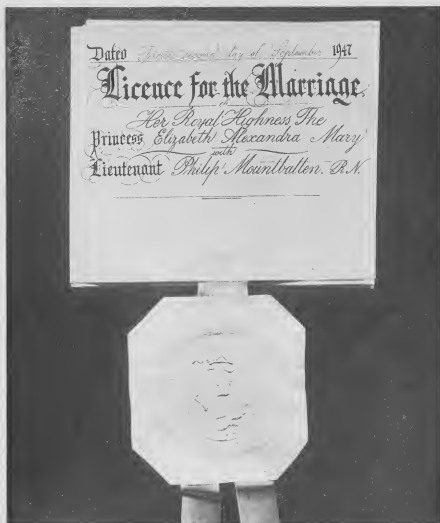
The Court Circular—the only channel of communication the King possesses for publishing to the world news of personal concern to himself and to his family—issued from

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Buckingham Palace on the evening of Wednesday, July 9th, 1947, contained the following announcement :

" It is with the greatest pleasure that The King and Queen announce the betrothal of their dearly beloved daughter The Princess Elizabeth to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N., son of the late Prince Andrew of Greece and Princess Andrew (Princess Alice of Battenberg), to which union The King has gladly given his consent."

On the following day the King and Queen gave a garden party at Buckingham Palace, the last royal garden party of the summer. It was made the occasion for what, I suppose, might be called Lieutenant Mountbatten's first " Public appearance," and he was at the Princess's side when the members of the Royal Family walked among their guests on the Palace lawns. The Princess was radiant. She wore her happiness like a garment, plainly, for all to see.



CHAPTER 7

ROYAL WEDDING

IN the year 1772, Parliament at the urgent behest of King George III placed upon the Statute Book the Royal Marriages Act. By the provisions of this statute no descendant of King George II under the age of twenty-five can enter into a valid marriage without the consent of the Sovereign, nor above that age, should the King's consent be withheld, except by giving twelve months notice to the Privy Council.

It was because of that enactment of Parliament one hundred and seventy-five years

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ago that on July 31st, 1947, fourteen Privy Councillors assembled at Buckingham Palace, among them the Princess's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. They had come as by law appointed to hear the King declare his consent to a contract of matrimony between The Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N., and that same night a special issue of the *London Gazette* stated that His Majesty had caused his royal assent to be signified under the Great Seal and to be entered upon the records of the Privy Council.

The fourteen Right Honourable Gentlemen who witnessed the royal act included the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Leader of His Majesty's Opposition, Mr. Winston Churchill, and three senior Cabinet ministers. The addition to their number of Mr. C. D. Howe, Canadian Minister of Reconstruction; Mr. James Stratford, former Chief Justice of the Union of South Africa, and of the High Commissioners for Australia and New Zealand emphasised that what was being done this day was of equal concern to millions of the King's subjects in the Commonwealth countries, so close in spirit to the Mother Country, though separated from her by many thousands of miles of ocean.

Princess Elizabeth was not, nor could she be, present at this historic meeting, but when it was all over she met one of the Privy Councillors, who said to her—and there was a twinkle in his eye, that famous twinkle—"You can now get married with our hearty approval." Everything, he added, had been "unanimous and most touching."

That evening it was announced from Buckingham Palace that the King and Queen had approved that the wedding should take place at Westminster Abbey on Thursday, November 20th.

When in the first days of August the Royal Family went north for their summer holiday at Balmoral—where they were presently joined by Lieutenant Mountbatten—the necessarily elaborate preparations for the wedding had already begun. Many of the details were settled during those first weeks at Balmoral. There the arrangements took shape and, as the pace quickened, a series of announcements either from the Palace or the Lord Chamberlain's Office, copiously amplified by the Press, answered one by one the many questions which an expectant public was asking.

They applauded as just the King's decision to avoid any over-lavish display at this time, but isolated protests over the alleged "wasteful use of public money" on the wedding found little popular support. Answering a written question in the House of Commons on October 28th, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Hugh Dalton, corrected the false impression left behind by certain exaggerated reports. He revealed that public funds were only being used to pay for the decorations in Whitehall and outside Buckingham Palace, and that all other expenses were to be borne on the King's Civil List.



Photo : Sport & General

ROYAL WEDDING

It was in September that the names of Princess Elizabeth's eight bridesmaids were announced. They were :

H.R.H. The Princess Margaret.

Princess Alexandra of Kent, eleven-years-old daughter of the Duchess of Kent.
Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, aged 20, second daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch.

Lady Mary Cambridge, 23 years old, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge and a grand-niece of Queen Mary.

Lady Elizabeth Lambart, aged 23, the elder daughter of the late Field Marshal the Earl of Cavan.

The Hon. Pamela Mountbatten, eighteen-years-old daughter of Lord and Lady Mountbatten.

The Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, born in 1925, a daughter of Lord Elphinstone, who married Lady Mary Frances Bowes-Lyon, a sister of the Queen.

The Honourable Diana Bowes-Lyon, a niece of the Queen.

The two pages were to be the Princess's cousins, Prince William of Gloucester, the elder of the Duke of Gloucester's two sons, nearly six years old at the time of the wedding, and the five-years-old Prince Michael of Kent, youngest child of the Duchess of Kent.

At about the same time it was made public that Lieutenant Mountbatten's groomsman was to be his first cousin, the third Marquess of Milford Haven, 28 years of age, a brother officer in the Royal Navy.

At the end of September Lieutenant Mountbatten was formally received into the Church of England by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chapel at Lambeth Palace.

Soon after the betrothal of Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Mountbatten, Sunninghill Park, near Ascot, was selected as their future country home. This house had been acquired by the Commissioners of Crown Lands in 1944, and on August 15th it was announced that the King had been pleased to bestow it upon the Princess as a "grace and favour" residence. Sunninghill Park, so conveniently near to Windsor Castle, would have made a delightful home for the young couple, but, unhappily, a fortnight later the house was partially destroyed by fire. It will be some years before it can be habitable again, and then only at the cost of demolishing and rebuilding those parts of the original mansion that remain, a dreary ruin.

Nor will it be possible for some months, perhaps for another year, for Princess Elizabeth and her husband to move into Clarence House, which early in November was named as their official London residence. Situated at the south angle of St. James's Palace looking on to the Mall, this four-storey mansion has not been in use as a private dwelling house since the death in January, 1942, of the Princess's godfather, the old Duke of Connaught, who lived there for forty years. It suffered considerably from blast when a bomb fell close by during the war ; essential repairs sufficient to make the



Photo : The Times

The Princess enters the Choir on her father's arm, attended by her bridesmaids and pages.

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house habitable have been entrusted to the Office of Works. Meanwhile the Princess's suite at Buckingham Palace continues to be available for the royal couple.

For the honeymoon the choice fell on two houses, far apart and vastly different. It was to Broadlands, the gracious Georgian home of Lord and Lady Mountbatten near Romsey in Hampshire, that the Duke brought his bride after their wedding in the Abbey ; it was to Birkhall on the Balmoral estate, so dear to the Princess for its happy associations with her childhood, that they planned to go a few weeks later to spend the remainder of their honeymoon.

During all the weeks of preparation wedding presents were arriving for the Princess and Lieutenant Mountbatten from every part of the world. There were among them the splendid gifts of Kings and Presidents, Cabinets and States, and there were also the humble, touching presents of people, who out of a full heart had sent the Princess the things they most treasured, the best they could afford.

They were not publicly displayed until the end of November, but those who had sent



Photo : Keystone

With his uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, the young Duke of Edinburgh attends his last bachelor party held at the Dorchester Hotel, on the eve of the wedding.



Under the flag. The procession seen from the Admiralty Arch. Photo : Planet News

gifts were in the last few crowded days before the wedding invited to St. James's Palace to see them. These afternoon parties on November 17th and 18th were remarkable affairs at which, all cheerfully mixed-up together, peers of the realm and factory workers, statesmen and schoolgirls, old age pensioners and housewives, visitors from the provinces, the Continent and the United States thronged the State rooms beneath the soft light of the crystal chandeliers.

In the foremost places of honour in the Throne Room were displayed the gifts of the Royal Family. The King and Queen gave their daughter a necklace of diamonds and rubies and two strings of pearls. Displayed in the same glass case were the no less splendid gifts of Queen Mary to her grand-daughter. They included a diamond tiara, diamond ear-rings and a diamond brooch—these in addition to fine household linen and antique furniture pieces, to be seen elsewhere in the magnificent collection. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester sent the Princess a gold cigarette box; the Duchess of Kent, a wafer-thin gold fob watch. Princess Margaret's present to her sister was a cream plastic picnic set for four and some table glass ware.

The presents showed an astonishing variety. They ranged from a silver gilt dressing table set of twenty-seven pieces in a silk-lined morocco case from the heads of the Diplomatic Missions to the Court of St. James's to home-made kettle holders and tea

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cosies ; from the Aga Khan's present of a chestnut filly to the gift of a string bag. They included fur coats and knitted jumpers ; a necklace of pigeon-blood rubies from the Burmese Government and from a schoolmistress and her pupils a hand-worked sampler ; a porcelain dinner service of 175 pieces from Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek and a home-made plastic brooch and ear-ring set from a thirteen-years-old schoolgirl. The gift of President Truman was a vase of engraved Steuben glass ; of Mr. Winston Churchill, his famous book "The World Crisis" with an affectionate inscription in his own hand : "To Princess Elizabeth with true wishes for her lasting happiness."

From the Vatican came a set of Dresden porcelain, the gift of His Holiness the Pope. The British Cabinet gave a sofa table in amboina wood, which Mr. Attlee, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor and the Lord President of the Council, Mr. Herbert Morrison, went to the Palace to present to the Princess. The retiring Lord Mayor, Sir Bracewell Smith, drove in state from the Mansion House to ask the Princess to accept the splendid gift of the City of London—fine pieces of Sheraton and Adam furniture.

Presents flowed in from the nations of the British Commonwealth, from the Colonies, Protectorates and Dependencies. Canada gave the Princess a mink coat ; Newfoundland, a fur evening wrap ; South Africa, a gold salver ; Australia, silver plate ; New Zealand, a writing desk. Lord and Lady Mountbatten, returning to England for the wedding, brought with them the wedding gifts of the two new Dominions of India and Pakistan.

Many of the gifts the Princess received were of the kind which in these days is most useful—they included a vacuum cleaner, a frigidaire, a sewing machine, even wallpaper.

At the Princess's wish her wedding presents sometimes took the form of hospital endowments and subscriptions to charities. The Government of the Bahamas raised £5,500 by subscription to endow beds in British hospitals ; Trinidad chose to build and equip at Port of Spain a centre for children which will bear the Princess's name ; Northern Rhodesia to devote money from a wedding fund to help charitable institutions which look after orphans whose parents were killed in the bombing of Britain. The King George V Memorial Hospital was provided with a new wing, the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children at Hackney with medical equipment. Kenya and New South Wales sent blankets to be distributed to people in Britain ; Ontario, Toronto and the British community in Buenos Aires, amongst others, sent food to be distributed to needy families here. The Lausanne Broadcasting Station invited fifty London schoolchildren to visit Switzerland as its guests.

Wedding week brought to a rather dingy London an agreeable air of bustling activity. Flags and bunting, put away since Victory Day, were brought out to freshen up staid façades. Colour blazed along Whitehall, key thoroughfare on the processional route. Crowds at Buckingham Palace for the Changing of the Guard watched the erection of the slender masts around the Queen Victoria memorial gardens, which, on the wedding



Photo : Keystone

The bridal couple leave Westminster Abbey with a Captain's escort of Household Cavalry.



Photo : Graphic Photo Union



Photo : Bippa

morning, carried yellow and white banners, with the ciphers E and P, a coronet and the Tudor rose picked out in yellow.

By the Monday evening most of the royal visitors had arrived, including Queen Frederika of the Hellenes, King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark, King Michael of Rumania and his mother, Queen Helen, and King Haakon of Norway. Other arrivals were Mr. Mackenzie King and General Smuts, the Canadian and South African Premiers.

That night the King and Queen gave a dinner party for their royal guests. After dinner there was dancing, and it was that evening that for the first time Princess Elizabeth wore the kingfisher-blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter. Six days before, the King had invested his daughter with the insignia of the Order, oldest in the annals of chivalry, which numbers among its members but three other Ladies—Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

On the following evening something of the forgotten splendours of other days returned to Buckingham Palace when the State Apartments, closed for eight years, were opened again to receive the twelve hundred guests invited to a reception, the most glittering social event since before the war.

That afternoon, as his first ceremonial act, the newly appointed Chancellor of the

ROYAL WEDDING

Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps, delivered to the House of Commons a message from the King "signed by his own hand." In this, His Majesty, "replying on the liberality and affection of His faithful Commons," recommended to their consideration that provision should be made for Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Mountbatten upon their marriage. The King added that, being anxious that such provision should not impose a burden on his people at a time of grave economic difficulties, he was willing to place at the disposal of the Commons a sum derived from savings on the Civil List effected during the war years, in which there was little or no entertaining at Court, and nothing at all in the way of costly ceremonial. This meant that for the next two years provision for Princess Elizabeth and for Lieutenant Mountbatten would place no charge upon public funds. The next day a Select Committee of twenty-one Members of Parliament was set up to give consideration to His Majesty's request and to report their recommendations to the House.

This was the last day before the marriage itself and it brought to London's crowded streets that unmistakable air of excited expectancy which makes so odd a thing of the saying that the Englishman takes his pleasures sadly. In the afternoon the crowds thickened at the Palace and the Abbey; the first sightseers took up their places by the kerbside in the Mall and along Whitehall, undeterred by the raw chill of a November dusk and the prospect of an all-night vigil.

A crowd of many thousands cheered the Princess and Lieutenant Mountbatten, when, in the company of the King and Queen and Princess Margaret, they appeared on the Palace balcony.

There was none among those excited crowds who knew that the fair-haired naval officer standing at the Princess's side, his figure sharply etched against the floodlit façade of the Palace, was Lieutenant Mountbatten no longer, but, instead, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Merioneth, Baron Greenwich of Greenwich in the County of London, and a Knight Commander of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

All these titles, so happily chosen to associate Scotland and Wales with the maritime traditions of Greenwich, had been conferred upon him by the King, but not until the following morning was this made known by public announcement.

In creating Lieutenant Mountbatten Duke of Edinburgh, His Majesty revived for him a royal dukedom which had been in abeyance for just over forty-seven years. The last Duke of Edinburgh was the second son of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and the King's great-uncle; he died on July 30th, 1900, at the comparatively early age of fifty-six.

On the morning of the day before the marriage the bridal gown was delivered at the Palace from Mr. Norman Hartnell's Bruton Street salon. Mr. Hartnell had created something of surpassing beauty and elegance, a work of art in the proper sense of a sadly over-worked phrase. It was a Princess gown of rich ivory Duchesse satin cut on classic lines, with a fitted bodice, long, tight sleeves and a full falling skirt. Thus baldly stated, that conveys little; it is the language of the salesman. To do it better justice calls for



Photo: Topical

*Prince Philip hands his bride out of their honeymoon carriage at Waterloo Station.
"Crackers," the Princess's dog, goes too.*

ROYAL WEDDING

the aesthetic sensitivity of Mr. James Laver, Keeper of the Department of Engraving, Illustration and Design at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and well-known fashion expert, who wrote this :

" Mr. Norman Hartnell has shown himself no mean poet. Subtlety with seed pearls has always been one of the characteristics of his style, and here he has no mere bodice or sleeve-edge for his canvas, but a swirling skirt and a full court train. In a design based on delicate Botticelli curves, he has scattered over the ivory satin garlands of white York roses carried out in raised pearls, entwined with ears of corn minutely embroidered in crystal. By the device of reversed embroidery he has alternated star flowers and orange blossom, now tulle on satin and now satin on tulle, the whole encrusted with pearls and crystals . . . The occasion demanded a poet, and Mr. Hartnell has not failed to string his lyre with art and to ring in tune."

Mr. Hartnell submitted sketches of twelve designs, from which the final choice was made ; the sketch from which the bridal gown was created appears as an illustration to this chapter.

On the eve of her wedding Princess Elizabeth retired early. The lights went out in the Palace windows. The all-night crowds gave themselves up to the cold comfort of the streets, as they seized what fitful sleep they could to prepare themselves for the excitement, the emotion and the pageantry of the eagerly awaited day that was now to dawn.

It was to sullen grey skies that London awoke on the wedding morning, but, praise be, it was not raining, and were it not for the bare, leafless trees in the parks, the mildness of the day might have suggested a rather graceless spring.

This is the place to say of the royal wedding that the reality of it was so far beyond the most that had been looked for from the day that it was a true climax to all that had gone before, not, as so often happens when expectation has stood so high, a falling away, which leaves behind the discouraging doubt as to whether after all it was " worth all the fuss ". It is easy to make too much of the mass emotions of a great crowd and to read into its sometimes over-facile enthusiasm a significance that is not there. It shows as false a judgment to be too cynical about the simple, the eternal things that move the generous heart of the crowd. I shall risk a charge of sentimentality when I say that in preparing for the royal couple on their wedding morning a welcome so intimate, so personal, so deeply affectionate, London out of its great heart made them the most splendid wedding gift of all.

On this great day in her life Princess Elizabeth was awakened at her usual early hour and breakfasted in her sitting room. With the breakfast tray that was brought to her was a large bouquet of white carnations. It was from the bridegroom. The room was already massed with flowers ; indeed, so many had been sent to the Princess in the last few days before the wedding that now they had overflowed into the corridor outside, a lovely riot of colour.



Photo : Black Star Pictures

The sketch from which the bridal gown was created.



Photo: The Times

ROYAL WEDDING

By ten o'clock the Palace had about as much repose as a main line railway station on a Bank holiday. It seemed that the second floor was in the occupation of a small but exceedingly mobile army. There was the Princess's hairdresser and there were the fitters from Mr. Hartnell's salon ; there was the representative of the Court jewellers and there was the designer of the bride's ivory satin shoes—these and many more, all contributing in their own way to the invigorating bustle which is proper to a wedding. Princess Margaret was continually running in and out of her sister's room, and presently she was joined by the other bridesmaids, who, before leaving by car for the Abbey, came to show themselves to the Princess in their diaphanous gowns of ivory silk tulle.

And now the King and Queen were there to see their daughter in the shimmering perfection of her wedding gown, a picture of such radiant happiness that before so fair a grace the least tender heart must have capitulated.

The departure of the Queen with Princess Margaret gave the eager crowds outside the Palace their first chance to show what a wealth of affection was in their hearts upon this joyous morning, and, as the coach turned out of the Palace forecourt and circled the Queen Victoria memorial, the cheering was an earnest of the welcome that had been laid in store for the coming of the bride. The Queen, wearing the blue Garter ribbon, was in supple lamé of apricot and gold, worn with a hat of apricot tissue and amber-tinted feathers.

At Westminster the bells of St. Margaret's chimed in melodiously with the deeper notes of the Abbey bells as Queen Mary arrived from Marlborough House. In her gown of aquamarine velvet on gold tissue, the Queen Mother, bearing her eighty years with effortless dignity, passed beneath the scarlet awning that had been built in front of the great West Door.

The first impression of the scene inside the Abbey, where some two thousand guests were awaiting the bride's arrival, was the one which remained dominant to the end, when the last notes of the Wedding March had been played and the dying echoes of the trumpets had been lost among the Gothic traceries of the roof—an impression of colour, warm, glowing colour. In these bleak times how sadly we have felt the lack of it, and here it was as by some miracle restored to us in the scarlet and gold of the Yeomen of the Guard, whose Tudor uniforms appeared the more sumptuous in this grey setting of ancient stone ; in the rich embroideries of the vestments of the clergy, in the red cassocks of the choir-boys of the Chapels Royal, in the gay mosaic of the women's frocks in the crowded nave and transepts. The High Altar, hung with embroideries, and flanked on either side with flowers in massive vases of alabaster, glowed with the soft radiance of the Abbey gold plate.

The Queen, Queen Mary, the members of the Royal Family, the visiting foreign royalties are in their places in the Sacrarium. The eight bridesmaids in their fairy-like,



Photo : The Times

billowing tulle are at the West Door, and with them the two youthful pages, Prince William of Gloucester and Prince Michael of Kent, enormously solemn as only the very young can be, a delightful picture in their frilled white shirts and Royal Stuart tartan kilts. The bridegroom in his Service uniform, the Garter Star gleaming against his tunic, waits with the groomsmen, Lord Milford Haven, at the foot of the steps leading to the Sacrament.

The bride is nearly here. She is looking out on to the crowded pavements of Parliament Square, seated at her father's side in the Irish state coach, and before and behind there rides a Sovereign's escort of Life Guards superbly mounted, their scarlet tunics, gleaming breastplates and nodding plumes reminding us of half-forgotten glories not seen since 1939 until this day. The Princess, carrying her bridal bouquet of white orchids, smiles with happy serenity upon the crowds, and the cheering breaks across the sanded roadway as the sea beats against the shore.

Inside the Abbey the bridesmaids take their places in attendance upon the bride, the pages lift the bridal train, and so the Princess Elizabeth comes to her wedding, leaning upon the arm of her father—who wears the Service uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet—as the procession of the clergy moves along the nave behind the jewelled Cross of

ROYAL WEDDING

Westminster. Choir and congregation sing the hymn "Praise My soul the King of Heaven," chosen, as is the rest of the music of the service, by the Princess herself.

Side by side bride and bridegroom stand before the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher.

At his question "Who giveth this woman?" the King reaches across to take the Princess's right hand in his own, and then with a simple gesture relinquishes it to the Duke of Edinburgh.

"Philip, wilt thou have this Woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

"I will." The bridegroom's voice is clear and resonant.

There is a faint tremor in the bride's voice as to the Primate's solemn question she answers, "I will."

And then—to most of the congregation in the great church it is no more than a confused murmur, but to radio listeners all over the world it is as if she were with them in the same room, so clear are the words—first the bridegroom, now the bride make their marriage vows, the bride promising "to love, cherish and to obey."

The bridegroom takes from his groomsman the wedding ring, a plain circlet of Welsh gold.

"With this ring I thee wed."

Kneeling before the Archbishop they are pronounced man and wife. Into each other's keeping they pass "to have and to hold from this day forward."

Attended only by Princess Margaret and the little pages, the Duke and Duchess move forward to the High Altar, and there they kneel in prayer. The King goes to the vacant place beside his Queen.

The Archbishop of York, Dr. Cyril Garbett, speaks to man and wife, simply and with kindly wisdom, reminding them that notwithstanding the splendour and national significance of the service in the Abbey it is in all essentials exactly as it would be for any pair of lovers who might that day be married in some quiet church in a remote village somewhere in the Dales.

"Never before," he tells them, "has a wedding been followed with such interest by so many, and this has not been merely passive. It has been accompanied by the heartfelt prayer and good wishes of millions, and by the hope that throughout your married life you may have every happiness and joy.

"One of you, the daughter of our much-loved King and Queen, has gained already by charm and simple grace the affection of all, and the other, as a sailor, has a sure place in the hearts of a people who know how much they owe to the strong shield of the Royal Navy. . . . So with high and confident hope for all that this day means for yourselves



Photo : Graphic Photo Union

The two pages—on the left Prince Michael of Kent, on the right Prince William of Gloucester.



Photo : Graphic Photo Union

Waving to the crowds from the Palace balcony on their return from the Abbey.

and the nation we send you forth from the Abbey to the great multitudes outside who are eagerly waiting to welcome you as man and wife."

The voices of the choir are joined in Samuel Wesley's anthem "Blessed be the God and Father" as man and wife go together to the Chapel of St. Edward the Confessor to sign the register. Their signatures are witnessed by their parents and others of the wedding party.

Returning, Prince Philip bows to the King. The Princess with exquisite grace drops a low curtsy, and her train billows out behind her so that for a moment it seems that the grey stones have blossomed like the rose. From the Henry V Chantry the trumpeters sound a fanfare wrought by the Master of the King's Musick, Sir Arnold Bax, in honour of the bridal pair. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster lead the procession back along the nave, and the bridal couple move hand in hand to the West Door, as the swelling organ thunders out Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

Crowds bigger and more tumultuous than ever cheered their return to Buckingham Palace in the glass coach with its scarlet-liveried outriders and its Household Cavalry escort.

The wedding luncheon was held in the ball supper room where the wedding cake



Photo : Photographic News Agencies

The Queen's procession leaving Buckingham Palace.



Photo : Daily Mail

The King and Queen return from the Abbey. The scene in Trafalgar Square.



Photo : Reuter

Hurrying across the Palace forecourt to give the royal couple a rousing send-off—the best man and some of the bridesmaids.



Photo : Daily Mail

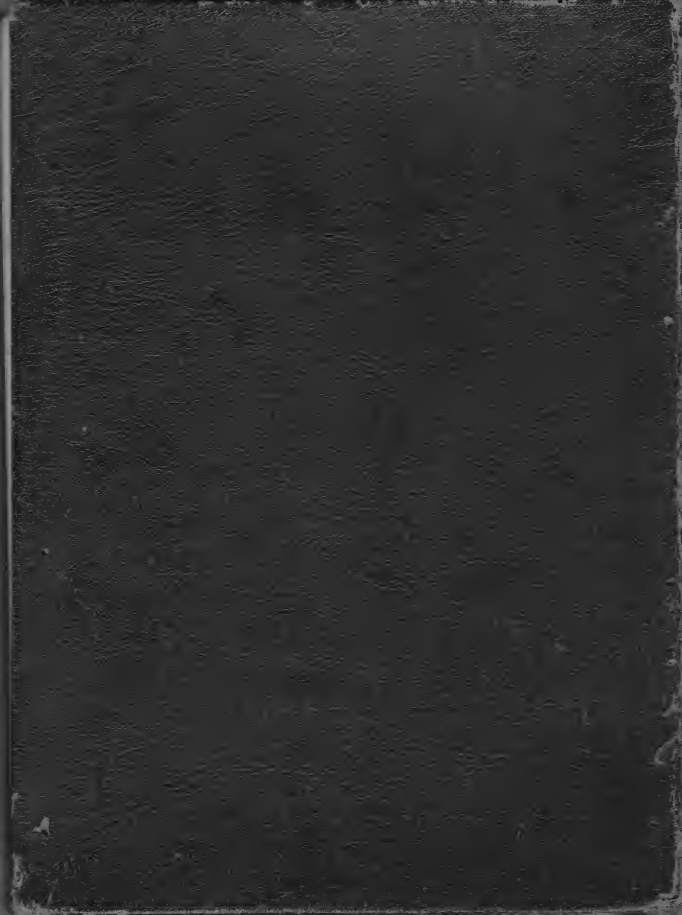
A shower of rose petals as the Royal couple leave the Palace.

was cut, and afterwards Prince Philip and his bride, supported by all the Royal Family, came out on to the Palace balcony, to receive a welcome overwhelming in its fervour from the thousands upon thousands of people stretching away into the farther distances of the Mall.

When the time came for the royal couple to leave upon their honeymoon they were showered with rose petals by the King and Queen, Princess Margaret and all the rest of that joyful family party, as the Duke and Duchess took their places in the open carriage which was to take them to Waterloo Station. Briskly, the carriage passed through the archway leading from the inner quadrangle of the Palace, but in their joy at their daughter's happiness—a happiness that shone so plainly in her eyes—the King and Queen, and with them many of their guests, quickened their own steps to keep pace, and so came out into the forecourt, where they could be seen by the delighted crowds, waving and calling out Good-bye and God-speed.

In Shakespeare's plays can be found for any and every occasion words that are exquisitely right. Let us take our leave of Prince Philip and Princess Elizabeth in the language of Nerissa in "The Merchant of Venice":

My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy : good joy, my lord and lady !



A FORM OF UNITED PRAYER
AND
THANKSGIVING
TO
ALMIGHTY GOD

ON THE OCCASION OF



THE CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH II

IN THE
PARISH OF SOUTH PERAK

ORDER OF SERVICE.

HYMN

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good:
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

INTRODUCTION & PRAYERS.

PSALM 23

The Lord' is my' shepherd: Therefore' can I' lack' nothing.

2 He shall feed me in a' green'pasture: and lead me forth be'side the'
waters of' comfort.

3 He shall con'vert my' soul: and bring me forth in the paths of
righteousness' for his' Name's' sake.

4 Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will'
fear no' evil: for thou art with me, thy' rod and thy' staff' comfort me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me, against' them that' trouble me:
thou hast anointed my head with oil' and my' cup shall be' full.

6 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me, all the' days of
my' life: and I will dwell in the' house of the' Lord for' ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without
end. Amen.

LESSON. *Matthew 22 vv. 15-22.*

HYMN

Through all the chonging scenes of life,
In trouble ond in joy,
The praises of my God sholl still
My heart ond tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamped around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they ore, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye soints, and you will then
Hove nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wons sholl be his core.

To Father, Son, ond Holy Ghost,
The God whom we odore,
Be glory, as it wos, is now,
And sholl be evermore. Amen.

ADDRESS

PRAYERS

HYMN

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fothers in distress;
Praise him still the some for ever,
Slow to chide, ond swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his foithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us;
 Well our feeble frame he knows;
 In his hands he gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes.
 Praise him! Praise him!
 Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
 Ye behold him face to face;
 Sun and Moon, bow down before him;
 Dwellers all in time and space.
 Praise him! Praise him!
 Praise with us the God of grace.

ACT OF DEDICATION

Show us thy way, O Lord our God;
 And keep us faithful to thy Word.
 Teach us to love thee with all our hearts;
 And in love to serve one another.
 Help us to seek that righteousness which exalteth a nation;
 And to spread abroad among men the spirit of peace
 and goodwill.
 For thou art the Lord our God;
 And our trust is in thee:
 And to thee, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 We give praise and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen!
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us;
 God save the Queen!

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On her be pleased to pour,
 Long may she reign;
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To say with heart and voice
 God save the Queen

BLESSING